The Bucks County Gazette.

VOL. XXI. BRISTOL, BUCKS COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1893. NO. 19.

Upper Delaware River Transportation Company.

WINTER SCHEDULE:
To take effect on Monday, November 20, 1893:



The Steamer
COLUMBIA
Leaves Bristol daily (Sundays excepted) for Philadelphia, at 7.15 a. m.
Returning, leaves Philadelphia for Bristol, at 2.30 p. m.
Freight carried at low rates.

Pennsylvania Railroad.

In effect November 20th, 1893.

Leave Bristol for Phila., (Broad St.) *2.46, 5.35, 6.30, 6.51, 7.19, *8.12, 8.23, *9.14, 9.23, 9.52, A. M. 12.05, 12.56, 1.17, *3.03, 4.02, *4.58, 5.43, 6.25, *7.00, 8.30, 9.27, 10.33 P. M Sunday trains, *2.46, 7.00, *8.11, 9.00, *9.23 A. M. *12.04, 12.25, 5.05, 5.43, *7.21, 8.00, 8.50, 9.28, *10.33 P. M.

Leave Phila. (Broad St.) for Bristol, 12.01, 3.20, 6.07, *6.50, 7.34, 8.30, 9.55, *11.14 (Saturday only) A M 12.01, 1.10, 1.50, 2.43, 3.32, *4.14, 4.20, *5.00, 5.25, *6.00, 6.05, 6.21, 7.27, 9.17, *10.00, 11.15 P. M. Sunday trains, 12.01, 7.40, *8.30, 9.05, 11.45, A. M. 2.00, *5.20, 5.53, 7.27, *8.12, 10.25 P. M.

(*) Express trains.

For further particulars apply to the ticket agent at the station.

S. M. PREVOST, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passenger Agent

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

NEW YORK.—Arrives at 7.00, 10.40 A. M. 2.00, 6.40 P. M. Closes at 7.00, 8.15, 10.40 A. M. 3.00, 7.00 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA.—Arrives at 7.00, 7.45, 10.0 A. M., 1.00, 4.10, 7.20 P. M. Closes at 5.45, 10.00 A. M., 1.00, 3.30, 6.00 P. M.

NEWPORT VILLE.—Arrives at 8.00 A. M. and leaves at 8.30 A. M.

EMILIE, OXFORD VALLEY, &c.—Arrives at 10.10 A. M. Close at 11.15 A. M.

NEWTOWN Stage arrives 11.30 A. M., leaves 3.00 P. M.

WESTERN.—Arrives at 7.15, 10.00 A. M. Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Post Office closes 8.00 P. M. Saturday, 8.30 P. M. Open Sunday from 8 to 9 A. M.

W. H. H. FINE, P. M.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

—There are a number of cases of the grip in Bristol.

—Leedom's carpet mill will again shut down next Wednesday.

—A Devotional meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held, on Wednesday, December 13th. All are welcome.

—The latest news from Doylestown by grape-vine telegraph is that Thaddeus Farley is sure of the post office plum.

—No. 2 Fire Company will have a grand parade through the principal streets of the borough on New Year's Day.

—Numbers of property owners in Bristol find their incomes curtailed on account of the inability of tenants to pay their rents.

—The members of Hopkins Lodge, No 87, I. O. O. F., will celebrate the 50th anniversity of the lodge on next Wednesday evening.

—Eleven block cutters have been discharged at the Wilson & Fenimore paper mill. That branch of the business will hereafter be done elsewhere.

—Sophia Jackson, an employe in Leedom's carpet mills, Bristol, had her hand caught in some of the machinery Saturday and one of her fingers had to be amputated.

—*The Sons of Temperance*, the Women's Christian Temperance Union and the Loyal Temperance Legion attended divine service at the Baptist Church, last Sunday morning.

—List of letters remaining in Bristol post-office, December 13th, 1893: Miss Bancroft, Pat'k McLernan, Nacak Perennrat, Miss Lizzie Rogers, Miss Annie Thomer, Miss Annie M. Tigh, Miss Irene Wilson.

—To-morrow evening an entertainment, consisting of vocal and instrumental music, recitations and tableaux will be given in the Baptist church for the benefit of the Sunday School. Mr. Hamlin Poole, of St. Mary's Choir, Burlington has kindly consented to be present, and will give several solos. Mrs. Schull and Mr. Poole will also render several duets.

—On Friday evening, December 22nd, 1893, an entertainment will be given in the M. E. Church, Wood street, by the scholars of the Sabbath School, who, believing in the axiom that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," have decided to dispense with their usual Christmas treat and use the money usually expended there for to aid the poor and needy of our town. Donations of eatables, clothes, money, etc., are also requested, and will be thankfully received on night of entertainment. The distributions will be made under the supervision of the "Ladies Aid Society" of the same church. An excellent programme, consisting of recitations, vocal solos and duets, and special selections by Epworth League Choir, is now under preparation, and the small price of admission, ten cents, places it within the reach of most of our citizens. The object being one worthy of the highest commendation, it is earnestly hoped that our towns-people will give it their united support, fill the church to its utmost capacity, and thus aid in the propogation of this most worthy work.

PERSONAL MENTION.

The Misses Swain gave a Progressive Euchre party, last Saturday afternoon, for some Philadelphia friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Masters, of Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., have been the guests of Miss Landreth during the past week.

Mr. Joseph S. Thomas and Miss Lulu E. Hawkings, of Tacoma, Wash., were married on Wednesday evening, November 22nd, by the Rev. E. J. Moore, at the residence of Mr. William Anderson.

Mr. Clifford Trowbridge, of New Haven, Conn., is visiting Mrs. Nesbitt. He had an exciting experience last week, having been ship-wrecked off Cape Hatteras, and afterward rescued from an open boat by one of the Clyde line of steamers.

Council Proceedings.

The regular monthly meeting of the Burgess and Council was held on last Monday evening.

The standing committees had no reports except that of the Committee on Police Protection. That report stated that there had been six arrests made during the month, and 267 tramps furnished lodgings in the station house.

The clerk reported the return of warrants for delinquent tax-payers placed in the constable's hands. Some had paid, some had personal property and some had removed from town.

John C. Maule called attention to the new act of the Legislature which had lengthened the term of office of Burgess and Collector to three years each, and changed the duties of the Burgess and asked that the matter be referred to Corporation Counsel for his opinion, and report as to whether the borough of Bristol is exempt or not from its provisions. On motion the matter was so referred.

On motion the County Commissioners were requested to instruct the assessors of Bristol borough to enter with the name of taxables the street and number, or when no number is given, to designate the location as accurately as possible, to facilitate the collection of taxes.

An ordinance requiring the curbing, paving and guttering of the northwest side of Wood street from Lafayette street to Jefferson Avenue, was enacted.

An ordinance requiring the curbing, paving and guttering of the north west side of Pond street from Washington to Lafayette street, was enacted.

A request for a street light on Garden street, opposite the new fire company's building, was referred to the Street Committee with power to act.

Several bills for paving done by the borough for property owners, who had neglected to pave within the time required, were referred to the borough attorney.

An ordinance amending the trolley ordinance was referred to the Street Committee, and John C. Maule, Chairman of the Finance Committee, and Samuel Scott, Chairman of the Police Committee.

The report of the Committee on Health, Sanitation and Poor stated that the general health of the town was good; there had been a few mild cases of scarlet fever; there was considerable destitution and a number of families had been supplied with provisions and fuel.

On motion an additional appropriation of $150 was made to the Committee on Streets and Highways.

Council then adjourned.

A Correction.

EDITOR OF GAZETTE:—I would like to correct a little statement in your paper of last week concerning the work of the churches among the poor during the past few weeks. "Honor to whom honor is due," and the praise most justly belongs to a few good women of the Episcopal church, and especially to the rector's wife. Through their efforts money was collected, and butchers, grocers, and bakers were asked for assistance, to which they responded most generously. The work was decidedly non-sectarian, every one whom they thought to be deserving was aided. The winter promises to be a severe one and it behooves us, one and all, to lend a helping hand in so far as we are able to our more unfortunate neighbors. If each church would form a Benevolent Society and look after the members of their own congregations, or if each family in the town, who could do so, would look after some one family who was in need then the distress would be greatly alleviated. A PRESBYTERIAN.

In case the oven becomes too hot a pan of water put in it will lesson the heat perceptibly.

The Trolley Project.

The Trolley project is not it appears dead as some have supposed. The companies have made an effort to induce the Borough Council to strike out the objectionable features of the ordinance passed last May, and we hope this will meet with favorable consideration from the members of Council.

It is of course perfectly proper that the Borough Council in dealing with these corporations, or with any other corporation, should carefully preserve and protect the interests of Bristol Borough, but when the effort to protect the Borough's interests reaches a point which the projectors of any proposed enterprise feel will be injurious to their enterprise then it becomes the duty of the Borough Council to see if they cannot wisely meet the objections and strike out such matters as appear to be injurious.

It cannot be expected that capitalists will invest money in the face of such Borough regulations as they feel may cause them to meet with loss or may seriously hamper their operations, and if our Borough fathers are wise they will seriously ask themselves whether they are accomplishing the desires of the people and acting for the good of the town in insisting upon that which will result in keeping away from the town the proposed improvement.

There can be no question that Bristol would derive great benefits from both these railroads, especially at the present time. With so many out of employment it would be a great benefit to the town to have the work of construction begin and go on. Any money that is proposed to be spent in the town should be cheerfully welcomed, and we do not think that the citizens at large will take kindly to any action of council which will result in preventing enterprise and in stopping money from flowing.

We are assured that if favorable legislation is enacted both these railroads will be in active operation next summer. This means that between this and that time a large amount of labor will have to be performed and a large amount of money will have to be spent, and this is just what Bristol Borough needs at the present time more than she has needed it for a good many years.

Failures and Failures.

It may be safely asserted that President Cleveland has not proved a success. The country would be far better off to day, it is reasonable to suppose, had he never forsaken the shady precincts of his home in Buffalo. Those who feel the stings and arrows of the hapless times, whether justly or unjustly, may be pardoned for wishing that he had never been lifted out of the vale of obscurity.

It is too late, however, to indulge in the unprofitable business of regretting. Some time ago, in a moment of supreme self-consciousness and self-importance, the President took pains to proclaim that he had Congress on his hands, thus indicating bad taste and a worse mental arrangement. Echoing these words, the offspring of brazen egotism, the country can appropriately declare that it has Cleveland on its hands. There he is, to be endured for some time to come; and the country must continue to be the victim of his inadequacy, his stubbornness, and his folly. In dealing with the financial affairs of the government he has conspicuously shown his incapacity. In that respect he is a deplorable misfit. In the Hawaiian business he has exposed himself to all the world as the author of a glaring folly, and the architect of a colossal blunder. What is to come next as an emanation from the brain of this imperious master? Has the mantle of Andrew Johnson fallen upon the shoulders of Grover Cleveland? Johnson was headstrong; so is Cleveland. Johnson was perverse; so is his sucessor. Johnson seemed to imagine that all political wisdom was lodged in his sacred cranium. Cleveland apparently is deluded by the same weakness, broadened so as to include the wisdom of diplomacy.

Specially humiliating is the fact that under his thumb obsequiously dance, according to his behest, a retinue of flunkies. How he keeps in check their independence, and how he curbs all their manly aspirations! This is accomplished through the potential influence that inheres in the power to bestow or withhold favors. What a degree of subserviency this begets! How abject men appear when they voluntarily transform themselves into passive tools and pliant auxiliaries! It is through the persuasive pressure of the hand of patronage that Cleveland is able to play the autocrat. He moulds his servitors as the potter does his clay, and they tamely yield to impressions like cheerfully obedient dough. The people would care little if only Cleveland and his puppets were concerned; but since his actions and their actions, shaping themselves after his like shadows, affect the country and its welfare, as well as its reputation, all men care. If Congress were not so largely made up of chips of the big block, we might reasonably cultivate the hope that good would take the place of evil all along the line. The financial outlook must remain in doubt, and the business interests of the country must be imperiled, as long as ideas prevail in the halls of Congress and in the executive chamber that are adverse to those practical conditions which favor industry and foster the germs of prosperity. The country has witnessed many failures since the fourth of March, but the greatest of all, leaving in its wake a vexing sea of trouble, is the Presidential failure in the White House.

Bill to Sam.

BRISTOL, December 8th, 1893.

DEAR SAM:—Tuesday last I was a bit under the weather. I did not feel like going out, so I thought I would take a little rest from my long pull of leisure. I am having enough repose, cheerful or cheerless, to last the rest of my lifetime, and the end is not visible. I like work much better than I do this kind of play. It is alike without fun and without profit. The prospect for work to be renewed is not so sure as the coming of Christmas. I do not know how it will be with you, Sam, but I do not look ahead with any lightness of heart; and I do not expect to be blessed with what everybody wishes everybody to have—I mean a "Merry Christmas." How out of tune is the wish that a fellow may have such a good thing as this, when all the world knows that his Christmas will be no more merry to him than if he were a modern Job bewailing his racking miseries.

But this is not what I mean to talk about. What do you think I did Tuesday while I rested? Why, I read the President's message, of course. Did you improve your spare time in that way? It was very slow business, Sam, I do honestly assure you; and a bee might as well try to suck honey out of a cabbage as for anybody who thinks as I think, who feels as I feel, to chirrup with glee over a sapless thing like that. It made me feel as melancholy as a moping cat.

In one way it did me good. A royal message has a topmost place in life's catalogue of comfort. There are some things that the rich man cannot enjoy like the poor man, and a good straight slumber is one of them. Isn't that so, Sam? You will agree with me.

Our cosy kitchen was nice and warm. Wife always keeps it neat and clean, and just as comfortable for us as a King's palace would be. We ask for nothing better. Wife was busy with her ironing, giving an eye now and then to the pot of boiling soup, which advertised itself in a way that fairly tickled my nostrils. It gave me more comforting promise than did the desert-wastes of the message.

Seated snugly in my old rocking-chair I read and read, or, rather, I tried to read, but that irksome business fell flat. I was not hungry for that kind of food. It didn't agree with my constitution. Before long my hands gently fell, the paper rested contentedly on my lap, and I was peacefully wafted to the drowsy land of sleep. That is the "Castle of Indolence" where cares cease to trouble, and where happy yesterdays and gloomy to-morrows enter not with their lights or their shadows.

Presently the kitchen door opened and little Becky came bounding in, just home from school, for it was after twelve o'clock. She always has something pleasant to say about her teacher whenever she talks about her school and her studies. It's a good sign both of a good girl and a worthy teacher. Fond of teacher fond of school. Becky was bright and happy and she always seems cheerful. There are many things in the world, Sam, that are more to be desired than jewels and precious stones, and one of them is cheerfulness. A light heart lives long, and if I were a preacher I would often try to spread the gospel of good cheer with my religious teaching, especially in these dark and dreary times.

Becky saw that I had been asleep. I told her that I had been reading the President's message, but that it was too much for me. It had stopped the wheels and spindles of my brain, and slothful sleep took possession of the machinery. "Why, papa," said the wise little Becky, "all you care about is the part relating to the tariff; let me find it for you." I had read a good while but had not yet come to it. I told her it must be somewhere towards the end of the long-tailed budget of wisdom. She quickly found it, and pleased me by reading it to me. She returned the paper to my lap and went to help her mother.

How different, thought I, was this tariff doctrine of the free-trade school, the Cleveland school, from that which such men as Harrison and McKinley deal in, the kind that stirs the blood of the good American. Ah! Sam; there is no music to my ears in that kind of tariff talk which is unfriendly to the protection of our home industries and the true interests of labor. Facts are facts, and these plain facts, which are as clear to the vision as a church steeple as we look around us in daily life, argue all the President's philosophy down. Conditions tell a story that can be seen and felt; they scatter your fine theories to the whirling winds.

Sam, how much depends on the tongue that speaks and the pen that writes! What a difference it makes when one man rather than another sits in the chair of power and authority. If Cleveland is right Harrison was wrong; if Harrison was right Cleveland is wrong. We common folks look at things; they speak louder than words. We see things as they are and we think of them as they have been. That kind of philosophy, Sam, which turns affairs topsy-turvy, or which freezes everything fast, as if cold and not heat was claimed as the vitalizing principle of life, is not the philosophy for me. You and I are on that side which upholds the house of industry, and we are against that side which tumbles it down about our ears. Does anybody believe that the rough and tumble state of things would exist today if Mr. Harrison were in the White House instead of Mr. Cleveland? Did it make any difference, Sam, who was President in 1861, whether it was Abraham Lincoln or Jefferson Davis? False ideas may be as sure as rebellious bullets to bring ruin to the country. The spirit of protection ought to be in the White House now, and not the demon of free trade. Then every nook and corner of our suffering land would glow with the sunshine of happy industry, and not be darkened by the heavy pall of idleness and despair. Do you not say so, Sam?

I often wish it were in the power of Congress to put an end to this luckless business of fooling with the tariff. But the power is on the wrong side, and we must continue to endure with patience the ills that swarm about us. If the people down in Washington, instead of backing first at one industry then another, would keep hands off, and resolve that the present law should not be disturbed in any way for two years, it would transform our winter of discontent into a glorious summer of hope and rejoicing. I only wish they would do it; the next congress would take care of the country.

Sam, tell your Kitty that Becky went around among the neighbors a few days ago and begged enough money in dribblets to buy a pair of shoes for a poor little fellow who could not play out of doors because he had none to wear. Becky was delighted with her work of noble charity. One good act sometimes makes not only two but a dozen people happy. Even the poor can help the poor and lessen here or there some weight of trial and misery.

Yours, hopefully, BILL.

Suicide as a Fine Art.

Prof. Francis W. Newman, in giving the views of "Euthanasia," as they call the right to die, declares that "suicide is sometimes a duty." He relates how a friend of his some years ago "withdrew himself from life somewhat prematurely by chloroform." The phraseology is charming. All that De Quincy wrote in his savage satire on "Murder Considered as a Fine Art" fades before the description of a gentleman "withdrawing himself from life." "I have no doubt whatever," continues the Professor, "that he did it under a sense of duty." There are men who think that a painful, hopeless life ought to be ended; that when a sick man is helpless, he ought, out of mere politeness, to imitate the Japanese, and give himself the harikari, or happy dispatch. "I look with horror," says Professor Newman, "on allowing tender kinsfolk or nurses to sacrifice youthful health in order to add days or weeks to my life when worn out," and if to "my life," then to the life of another! "The registrar would be required to interrogate the patient before witnesses, who would attest his desire of death. I do not understand how any one can fear abuse if death were legalized, under deliberately planned restrictions, such as I have hinted." Another advanced thinker—a woman—arguing in the same vein, declares that the executioners of Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln, kept the murderer alive for twenty-four hours with brandy to prolong his tortures; and her logic—a woman's logic—is that we who nurse our sick relatives and keep them alive for "an hour, or a day, or longer," are equally brutal. Perhaps the better way to meet such arguments as this would be to ridicule them. But, apart from any other consideration, has it never occurred to those who advocate that incurables should be put out of the world that many an illness which in former times was considered incurable would still have remained so had the sufferer been removed when doctors pronounced the case hopeless. In fact, had this cowardly shrinking from life been fostered, our science would have been on a par with the science of the Chinese.—From "The Right to Die," by Gertrude B. Rolfe, in North American Review for December.

—After an illness of but a week Dr. Edward Morwitz, the veteran editor and proprietor of the German Demokrat, died early yesterday morning at his home, in Philadelphia. His illness was at first thought to be only a case of the grip, but it rapidly developed into pneumonia, and after Monday all hope of his recovery was abandoned and his friends were summoned to his bedside. The body will be cremated, probably on Saturday, at Germantown.

—A Democratic "revenue" tax on the poor man's sugar which the Republican party has cheapened for the benefit of every consumer in the land, will be a fitting accompaniment of the Wilson bill to take away employment from American workingmen and give it to foreigners.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

Boodle Councilmen Comb me.—Ex-President Hayes Consideration for Newspaper Men Illustrated.—"Bertie" Adams' Nomination.

[From Our Regular Correspondent.]

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 13.—Councilmen who are in politics for boodle are numerous, and they will grow more bold than ever now that the committee of fifty which has watched their actions closely has been disbanded. It is said that nineteen members of Select Council have formed a combine, and without their assent no measure, no matter how worthy, can pass the upper chamber. With their support, also, any measure no matter how corrupt can be carried. The purpose of this combine is said to be to get out of politics all there is "in it;" in other words to vote as the members of the combine are paid for voting. People who come in contact with this clique say that never before did they experience such a ravenous, hungry, money-seeking crowd. The proximity of the February election is the only thing which holds some of them in check.

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"President Hayes was more considerate of newspaper men than are most men in public office," remarked Colonel Frank Buell last night. "When Hayes was president, I was managing editor of the Capitol, a Washington morning paper. Talking with the President one afternoon about an important appointment, he said that if I published the fact that a certain man had been appointed, I would probably have what newspaper men call a 'scoop.' Acting on this tip, I prepared an article announcing the appointment, and toward midnight I was looking over the proof with its big headlines, when a special messenger from the President came to me and said that the President had so far considered his action that it would be unwise for me to act upon the information I had obtained during the afternoon. Of course, I at once 'killed' the story. Afterwards I found out that the appointment had been signed and the envelope sealed for transmission when the President changed his mind. Rather than have me make a foolish break he took the trouble to send to the Capitol office. On account of this conscientious work and thoughtfulness President Hayes had many warm friends among the newspaper men."

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A great crusade against Anarchists will be waged in Spain and France. When the Anarchists are driven out of these countries they will flee to America. During the next year, therefore, there is likely to be a great influx of this undesirable class into the United States. Steps should be taken to quarantine the Republic against anarchy as effectually as it was quarantined against cholera.

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Robert Adams, Jr., obtained the nomination for Congress with hands down. This is another example of machine rule in Philadelphia. At a time when not only Philadelphia, not only Pennsylvania, but the Republican party of the entire country needs the support in Congress of the very ablest men who are willing to battle for its rights, the machine politicians utterly ignore the men best fitted by experience to champion the cause. Mr. Adams was made minister to Brazil with the expectation that he would accomplish wonders by building up great commerce with the United States. He gave up in disgust, and resigned without accomplishing anything. He is a very genial club man, but he won't be able to hold a candle to a hustling Populist from the West like Lafe Ponce. Colonel Clayton McMichael, of the North American, and Charles Emory Smith, of the Press, would have felt highly honored had the nomination drifted their way. The Press came out with an editorial endorsing the Adams nomination, but when one reads between the lines the editorial really made Mr. Adams appear boyish. It referred to him as a graduate of the Wharton School of Finance, and said that having been so thoroughly schooled he was now fitted to grapple with the affairs of the Nation. Well, the promise to Adams having been made good, it is possible that when the unexpired term elapses Mr. Adams will find himself laid upon the shelf like Richard Vaux was shelved, and some one will go down to Washington to represent the Second District who is a worker and an orator. F. D. M.

ABOUT THE HAIR.

The Various Ways in Which Young Men Now Cultivate Their Topknots.

It is quite entertaining nowadays to study the ways in which the young men wear their hair. Within the last week I have seen two or three quite startling examples of eccentricity and have wondered if the arrangement could be an index of the wearer's mental state.

The foot-ball player's wild and untamed locks have brought him much fame, but he would grow pale with envy should he see the office boy who graces the office of a certain lawyer. His hair is a golden brown, curls charmingly, and on the higher slopes has been allowed to a length of something like five inches. It encircles his head in waves and billows, is parted and brushed to a degree of glossiness that could never have been attained with less than an hour's brushing each day.

And yesterday—there was a black-haired youth with an expansive forehead. His front hair was parted to a nicety exactly in the middle, and draped to each side like a pair of curtains. A sort of sub-curtain looped itself over each ear, and his watch-chain was likewise parted and looped to either side in similar curves. He had a pair of black eyes, a tiny moustache and a good opinion of himself.

Did you ever see a young man struggling to part his hair and wear it flat after having been the victim of a pompadour for a number of years?

Always he is the pink of neatness and propriety, but one morning he came to the office with most peculiar looking hair. It seemed undecided whether to stand or sit.

The critic came in a few minutes later, his own black locks in immaculate order.

"I say," he said, gazing at his companion with a puzzled air, "what is the matter with your hair? Did you forget to comb it?"

The other passed his hand over his rebellious locks with a laugh.

"Well, no; I'm trying to train it, you see."

When the pompadour style of hair first came into favor a few years ago I happened to be intimately acquainted with a youngster of 12, who was very careful of his personal appearance. When the new style reached the village in which he dwelt his heart warmed toward it, and he longed for a pompadour of his own. But in vain he brushed and coaxed and combed; he could not make the nice, upright stubble of which he dreamed. At last he hit upon a plan and for a few nights bound tight about his head a band of cloth, holding his hair back. One morning he appeared at the breakfast table wearing a highly satisfied smile, his hair standing upright in the most approved and aggressive manner.

Strong Drink No Respecter of Persons.

The awful temptation of drink did not assail only the ignorant and the base. The splendor of conquest did not save Alexander the Great; the most splendid genius did not save Robert Burns; the most refined and beautiful natural character did not save Charles Lamb or Hartley Coleridge, patriotism and eloquence did not Walpole or Bolingbroke. Drink shortened the valuable life of Pulteney; it clouded the brilliant intellect of Carteret. Charles Stuart, of whom it was sung, "Wha wadna dee for thee, Bonnie Prince Charlie?" had better have died among the carnage of Culloden than have lived to become a besotted old man at Rome.—Archdeacon Farrar.

—It is stated that gas for lighting purposes can be made for six cents per thousand feet. Whether this is true or not it is a certainly that gas making is immensely popular. The city of Philadelphia charges private consumers $1.50 per thousand feet for gas, almost one-half of which it purchases from a private concern for 37 cents per thousand feet. As long as coal gas can be made at such a profit as that there is no likelihood of its being crowded out of use by electric lights.—Daily America.

—Robert Adams, Jr., ex-Minister to Brazil, was nominated Friday by the Republicans of the Second District as a candidate for Congress to succeed the late Charles O'Neil.

—The people demand the truth and the whole truth in regard to the disgraceful Cleveland conspiracy to destroy republican government in Hawaii. The President will find that the people will get at the facts whether he likes it or not.

Useful Hints.

There is a broad fork used for chipped beef, and in fact one may find a fork for almost anything.

The waffle lifter is a broad flat spoon by means of which the appetizing waffle may safely be conveyed to the plate.

Silver lemon squeezers are shaped like a beehive with grooved or corrugated sides. The lemon is cut in half, placed on the apex, and moved round and round until all the juice has been extracted.

The buffalo bug is to be eradicated only by benzine or naphtha. Apparently nothing else will have the slightest effect on him.

Chamois leather may be cleaned by rubbing it hard with plenty of soft soap and letting it soak for two hours. Then rub it well with a solution of soda, yellow soap and warm water, rinse it, wring it thoroughly in a coarse towel and dry quickly. Pull it about and brush it and it will be all the softer and better for the process.

Nothing should be cooked in iron vessels that can be cooked in earthenware. The heat is more uniform, the flavor is better preserved and there is less liability to burn in the earthenware vessel than in iron.

A photograph holder is made of two palm-leaf fans, one large and one small one. Cut off the handles and lower half, bind the edges with white satin ribbon and sew them together across the bottom, the small one overlapping the large one. Old-fashioned double zephyr has come into favor for needle work.

The sunflower is probably the coarsest and rankest of garden weeds, yet in Russia the oil of its seeds is used on salads, and its stalks are good as fuel.

Ammonia fades the hair, deprives it of its gloss, and causes it to fall out.

The always procurable article known as peroxide will lighten hair. Ask the druggist for peroxide of hydrogen. Be careful that the hair is carefully covered, so that it will not be streaked.

If you wish to get rid of wrinkles, blackheads, and pimples, bathe the face in hot (not warm) water for five minutes every night before retiring.

To improve the complexion one should keep the pores of the skin open. Wash the face and ears with very hot water and then put sufficient cold water and make it tepid for the body. The face should be washed in hot water at least three times daily.

There is a liability of disease germs in the dust and dirt that adheres to the ordinary wear of any person during the day, and it is wise therefore always to brush your clothing every time you change it after a day's use of it.

A good way to test ham is to stick a knife under the bone. If the knife comes out clean and with a sweet smell the ham is pure and wholesome. If not, not.

A good set of carpenter's tools are among the most valuable articles to have around the house, and they should always be kept in a box by themselves, where they can always be found.

Clocks with face of milky white glass are convenient for the bedroom; a taper behind illuminates the transparent face so that one can tell the time in the darkness.

The tray of Dresden china is an elegant accessory to the toilet table; it has the advantage of never tarnishing, but on the other hand it is breakble.

The lettuce fork is new, and with its long sharp prongs one can pick up the leaves with the greatest ease.

When dampening clothes for ironing use water as hot as the hand can bear; it is not necessary to use so much water as it is when cold is used. A whisk broom kept for this purpose alone is an excellent thing to sprinkle clothes. After sprinkling fold smoothly and roll tightly.

—More than 100,000 persons in Chicago are said to be in need of assistance. Surely this will be forthcoming in a city a few of whose citizens gave nearly $3,000,000 for public uses last year. Chicago may be vulgar, but she has an abnormally large heart.

—John Bull is doing very well in the race for wealth, but Uncle Sam is several laps ahead. The wealth of the former is estimated at $50,000,000,000 and of the latter at $70,000,000,000.

Died.

BROWN—On the 9th inst, John Neal Brown, in the 86th year of his age.

The Cause of Rheumatism.

An acid which exists in sour milk and cider, called lactic acid, is believed by physicians to be the cause of rheumatism. Accumulating in the blood, it attacks the fibrous tissues in the joints, and causes agonizing pains. What is needed is a remedy to neutralze the acid, and to so invigorate the kidneys and liver that all waste will be carried off. Hood's Sarsaparilla is heartily recommended by many whom it has cured of rheumatism. It possesses just the desired qualities, and so thoroughly purifies the blood as to prevent occurrence of rheumatic attacks. We suggest a trial of Hood's Sarsaparilla by all who suffer from rheumatism.

Golden Hill.

On Evacuation Day the Society of the Sons of the Revolution placed a bronze tablet on the south wall of the building owned and occupied by the Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Company, Corner William and John Sts., New York City. It is a beautiful work of art and bears the following inscription:—Golden Hill. Here January 18th, 1770 the fight took place between the Sons of Liberty and the British Regulars, (16th Foot). First blood shed in the war of the Revolution.

General Danile Butterfield of the Tablet Committee in a letter to Dr. Humphreys says, "after the tablet is up, you would be justified in designating the head-quarters of your company at Golden Hill".

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.
OFFICE—CORNER RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS.
One dollar per year, in advance.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1893.

The Workingman's Battle.

The contest against the Wilson starvation wages bill is the workingman's fight. This measure of folly and ruin will inflict heavy loss on every portion of the community if it passes; but the wage earner will suffer first and most. The capitalist, who has invested hundreds of thousands of dollars in an industrial plant will see much of his property virtually confiscated; yet capital possesses an inherent power of self defense which will lessen the force of the blow and make the destruction only partial. The small manufacturers, who are counted by thousands, will see their investments swept out of existence in multitudes of instances; yet even some of these may manage to save a little from the wreck. But for the workingman, skilled or unskilled, the enactment of the Wilson bill means bitter poverty or utter ruin.

The Press repeatedly warned the workers of America during the last Presidential campaign what the result of a victory for Cleveland free trade would be. Now—under the mere threat of economic revolution—now, before the final stroke has fallen—now, before our great industrial plants have been dismantled—more than a million American wage earners are idle, and their families want for bread. East and West, in cities small and great, the cry of distress is the same. In New York more than a hundred thousand men are out of work; the resources of every charitable organization are overtaxed; and we are only on the winter's threshold. Chicago, the metropolis of the West, has been forced to throw open her City Hall to the unfortunates who have no shelter; hot idle men equal those of New York in number; and her citizens are trying to raise a million dollars for instant use in relieving poverty. In Toledo the services of fifty men are inadequate to dispense free food and fuel to those who possess neither. In Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, in every industrial center in the land, the same grim problem of poverty and misery presents itself. Mill wheels have stopped. Looms no longer whir. The miner's pick and shovel are silent. The banner of smoke from the factory chimney, with its promise of work, of wages, and of comfort, has ceased to stain the sky. Where work still continues it is on a scale that allows only the bare necessities of existence to the laborer and his family.

If all this havoc, all this loss, all this suffering of men, women and children has been brought about by the simple threat to surrender the American market to foreigners, what will be the result of that surrender itself?

The wage earners of America are the voters of America. United, their power is absolute. They are the sovereigns of this country when they act in harmony. The great non-partisan mass meetings of workingmen held to protest against the Wilson bill have already produced an effect at Washington. Every Republican in Congress will vote against the starvation wages measure and fight against it. There are many Democratic Representatives and Senators who will not support the bill if their constituents convince them that such support means political suicide. If workingmen will organize and agitate; if they will hold mass meetings in every manufacturing center, demanding that the McKinley law shall stand; if they will protect their own rights and defend their own hearthstones by insisting that American industries shall continue to be protected, *the Wilson bill can be defeated.*

Workingmen, this is your battle! The interests which the bill of fraud and free trade would strike down are your interests; the chief sufferers by the destruction of protection will be yourselves, your wives and your children.

Fight the Starvation Wages bill.—New York Press.

—The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has determined to order 43,000 tons of steel rails for 1894, which will cost more than $1,000,000. It is understood that the mills east of Pittsburg will receive 36,000 tons and those west of Pittsburg the orders for 7000 tons.

—The Ledger says "there seems to be more street beggars in Philadelphia than usual." Isn't there more poverty generally in Philadelphia than usual? There has been a "change."

—There is no character, howsoever good and fine, but it can be destroyed by ridicule, howsoever poor and witless. Observe the ass, for instance: his character is about perfect, he is the choicest spirit among all the humbler animals, yet see what ridicule has brought him to. Instead of feeling complimented when we are called an ass, we are left in doubt.—Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar (Mark Twain in the December Century.)

Scrofula eradicated and all kindred diseases cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which by its vitalizing and alterative effects, makes pure blood.

Protection the First Law of Nature.

The following article written by a gentleman who has been in the employ of D. Landreth & Sons for over fifty years, is well worthy of the attention of the readers of the GAZETTE:

It permeates through all classes and conditions of society, and is an indispensable attribute in all the wakis of life. When the first settlers arrived in this country they built their log huts and forts as a measure of protection. When the settler went into the field, he carried his gun with him as a measure of protection. When they traveled towards the setting sun they gathered together in long caravans of "prairie schooners" as a measure of protection. When the emigrant arrived at his objective point in a sparsely settled or perhaps uninhabited locality, built his log cabin or constructed his dug-out, protection was always in view as the most important consideration. And when, by an aggregation of log huts, a community is formed, local laws and courts of justice are established as measures of protection. Thus the whole frame work of our courts of justice, judges, juries, lawyers and attorneys, jails and penitentiaries, in hamlets and villages, and towns and cities, States and United States, are founded on the principle of protection to society at large.

Our schools, public and private, colleges, seminaries, universities are based upon the principle of protection against ignorance.

Our churches, Sunday schools and religious societies of descriptions, are for the protection of society against evil influences.

Houses and stores and warehouses are bolted and barred at night as a matter of protection.

Levees are built on the Mississippi and other rivers, and harbors improved as measures of protection.

Boards of Health, with their attendant quarantines and sanitary regulations, are instituted as measures of protection.

Every war ship, every fort that is built, every gun that is cast or manufactured, is for protection.

Thus it will be seen that protection is the mainspring that regulates the pendulum of life, as it swings back and forth from one end of the country to the other. All these elements of protection are universally acquiesced in

There is another great element, protection, for all our varied industries, against the combined capital and cheap labor of foreign countries If we examine the statistics of all the States, each one separately, we cannot fail to wonder at the great natural resources, placed by the Omnipotent God at the disposal of man, for man's sole use and benefit. We see deposits of minerals of all kinds in almost every State in the Union, and every day adds to the number by fresh discoveries. Rivers and streams abound in every direction, furnishing various degrees of water power. Varied climate furnishes the condition favorable to the production of anything that can be produced in any other part of the world. The Almighty having placed all these conditions applicable to a happy and prosperous people within our reach, are we justified in neglecting to protect these resources against a foreign foe, any more than we would be justified in dismantling our war ships and forts, destroying our guns and disbanding our soldiers? Are we to render dormant all our inestimable resources, sell our birthright for a mess of pottage, to follow a Jack O'Lantern of low prices?

The southern portion of these United States, rich in natural resources, abounding in minerals of many kinds, a wealth of cotton, rice, tobacco, sugar, etc., in addition to all the agricultural products of the North, water power sufficient to operate all the mills that may be built in the next century, should be literally a land flowing with milk and honey, and would be, if it were not for adverse influences that has rendered these matchless resources almost dormant.

How long will the Southern people continue to allow their material interests to be sacrificed, that the Democratic leaders throughout the country, may have the satisfaction of pandering to the interests of foreign aristocrats?

Tariff for revenue only is not in accordance with the spirit of our institutions, or the condition of our people. It would make us a heterogeneous instead of a homogeneous people, separating the people from the government, creating a government of the office-holders, for the office-holders and by the office holders, an aristocratic and autocratic government. Such governments exist in Europe, but their ways are not our ways, and if the American people are true to their own interests, never will be.

Free raw material is another claptrap, and stress is laid on free wool as a necessity.

Sheep raising in itself, or in connection with other agricultural products, can be made very profitable, and by reason of different climatic influences that prevail in the different parts of the country, every grade of wool that can be produced in any other country in the world can be produced in this and as cheap, if not cheaper. All that is required to produce this result is protection. In addition to the profit that directly accords to the by sheep raising, it is a well known fact that sheep raising improves the quality of the land, thus proving an additional public benefit.

It is an anomalous condition of affairs when we see those who have been most vehement in denouncing manufacturers in this country as Robber Barons, suddenly conceiving such an inordinate affection for them, that they are willing to sacrifice the interest of the entire agricultural community, that these Robber Barons may extend their business The talk about free wool or free anything else reducing prices is the veriest humbug. As soon as these European Robber Barons (and they outnumber our fellows a hundred to one) obtain possession of our markets, they will make every dollar out of us that they can, and on the other hand they will not buy a barrel of flour or a bushel of wheat from us that they can do without.

Our farmers will find that through the closing of our factories, or reduction of the number of hands, they will not only lose profitable customers, but will have competitors on every hand.

The farmer has say fifty customers in his immediate locality. By reason of lack of other employment ten of his customers turn farmers. He has, therefore, lost ten customers and has ten more competitors.

It is a mere pretense to say that protection to American manufacturers is unconstitutional.

Section 8 of the Constitution reads: "The Congress shall have the power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imports and excises to pay the debts and provide for the common defence and the general welfare of the United States." Obviously meaning the people of the United States

The common sense of every individual, politically unbiased, should teach him, if he reads the Constitution, and reflects upon the character of our government that a policy that does not provide for the common defence, protection of the people, is at variance with the letter and spirit of the Constitution and contrary to the primary principles af our government.

"With but one exception the tariff of 1789 was the very first act of Congress under the new Constitution. It was the work of the very men who had just been engaged in framing the Constitution, and who were supposed to be best acquainted with its scope and meaning. It became known as the second Declaration of Independence. By a singular coincidence this tariff law or second Declaration of Independence was approved on the 4th of July. Just thirteen years after the declaration of 17 '6."

Washington, in his eighth annual message to Congress, December 7, 1796, says: "Congress have repeatedly and not without success directed their attention to the encouragement of manufactures. The object is of too much importance not to ensure a continuance of their efforts in every way which shall appear eligible."

Under the beneficent influence of a protective tariff, the tourist, in his peregrinations throughout the length and breadth of the land, beholds hamlets and villages and towns and cities teeming with a happy and industrious people, well fed, well clothed, well housed, enjoying many of the luxuries, as well as the necessaries of life, presenting an air of education and refinement, not to be found amongst any similar class of people on the face of this earth.

The farmer having a market for his produce at his door, realizing fair prices, lives more comfortably than he ever did under a free trade or revenue tariff.

To the majority of the working people of this country, a free trade or revenue tariff means "over the hills to the poor house." A careful review of the political happenings in this country during the last three-quarters of a century will clearly prove the above statement. COMMON SENSE.



Mr. Geo. W. Turner

Simply Awful

Worst Case of Scrofula the Doctors Ever Saw

Completely Cured by HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

"When I was 4 or 5 years old I had a scrofulous sore on the middle finger of my left hand, which got so bad that the doctors cut the finger off, and later took off more than half my hand. Then the sore broke out on my arm, came out on my neck and face on both sides, nearly destroying the sight of one eye, also on my right arm. Doctors said it was the

Worst Case of Scrofula

they ever saw. It was simply awful! Five years ago I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Gradually I found that the sores were beginning to heal. I kept on till I had taken ten bottles, **ten dollars!** Just think of what a return I got for that investment! **A thousand per cent!** Yes, many thousand. For the **past 4 years** I have had no sores. I

Work all the Time.

Before, I could do no work. I know not what to say strong enough to express my gratitude to Hood's Sarsaparilla for my perfect cure." GEORGE W. TURNER, Farmer, Galway, Saratoga county, N. Y.

HOOD'S PILLS do not weaken, but aid digestion and tone the stomach. Try them. 25c.

Wanamaker.

PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, December 11, 1893.

It keeps the makers themselves wondering, some of them, how it is that so much style and quality in Women's Coats can be sold here for so little money—just as it keeps the retailers wondering how it is that a great stock can be run without an old garment.

$5 Coats with the style of a $16 grade,
$8 Coats that would elsewhere be $14 and $16.
$15 Coats that touch the $30 quality.

Addittion every day.

Think of Handkerchiefs at Wanamaker's, no matter what the time o'year, and you can be sure that every sort that ought to be in stock is ready and waiting for you.

But at Holiday time is when the Handkerchief store, is at its best of best—and biggest.

More counters, more salespeople, more Handkerchiefs.

Ready for the rush now.

Women's plain Linen Handkerchiefs from $1 a dozen to $2.25 each.
Men's plain Linen Handkerchiefs, 12½ to $3.50 each.
Women's initial Linen hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 12½ to 75c each.
Men's initial Linen hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 25 to 75c each.
Men's colored border Linen hemstiched Handkerchiefs 12½ to 50c each.
Women's colored border Linen hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 10 to 50c, each.
Embroidered scalloped Linen Handkerchiefs, from 25c to $15 each,
Embroidered Linen hemstitched Handkerchiefs, from 12½c. to $10 each.

That's the merest hint of All-Linen styles and costs. All Silks are as interesting—all from selected Japanese Silk.

White Silk Handkerchiefs, 12½c to $2 each.
Silk Handkerchiefs, while initials, 12½c to $1 25 each.

Nearly a dozen shades.

All through the Handkerchief store prices are surprisingly below those of last year—often half.

Booklets, imported; elegantly illustrated in colors in the highest style of the lithographer's art. Each with a dainty cover.

Told by the Water Lilies.
6 illustrations, 9x6½ in , 75c; our price, 30c. By mail, 34c.
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Paths of Safety.
6 illustrations, 8½x4½ in., 50c; our price, 25c. By mail, 28c.
Meadow Sweet.
6 illustrations, 7½x5½ in., 50c; our price, 25c. By mail, 28c.
Seen from my Lattice Window.
6 illustrations, 6x4½ in.. 30c; our price, 18c By mail 20c.
Old Melodies by Thos Moore.
Illustrated. Shape of a bunch of pansies, 6x7½ in., 50c., our price, 26c. By mail, 27c.
Silver Chimes—bell shape.
16 pages, 10c; our price, 6c. By mail, 7c.
The Old Oaken Bucket.
Shape of a bucket at the well, 4½x5½ in., 30c; our price, 15c. By mail. 17c.
Comfort for All.
4⅜x6½ in. 40c; our price, 20c. By mail, 22c.
Praises to Nature.
5x6½ in., 40c; our price, 18c. By mail 20c
All Things Praise Thee, O Lord!
By John Milton. 4x6 in., 30c; our price, 15c; by mail, 17c.
On Music's Wings.
By Thos. Moore. 4½x6½ in., 35c; our price, 18c; by mail, 20.
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Winter's Merry Reign.
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December BOOK NEWS is ready—brimming with just the information that book-buyers are waiting for. Almost five hundred and sixty Books are told of in its Descriptive Price List, and there are scores of big pages besides jammed full of facts about the leading Books of the season—including seventy-six pictures from the illustrated ones.

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JOHN WANAMAKER.

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THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STOCKholders of this bank, for the election of Directors and other business, will be held at the Banking House on Tuesday, January 9th, 1894, between the hours of 10 o'clock, A. M., and 12 o'clock, noon.

CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier.

Miscellaneous

TOYS for CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Everything in the line of Toys to be found at

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The Bucks County Gazette, fully alive to the needs of its patrons, has made special arrangements with this superb monthly, whereby it will receive orders for yearly subscriptions TO BOTH PUBLICATIONS COMBINED for the sum of $2.

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A year's subscription to SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE will bring into your home twelve monthly numbers, aggregating over 1800 pages of the best and most interesting reading, and more than 700 beautiful illustrations

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

George W Cable, will begin in the January number a romance entitled "John March, Southerner."

Two other important serials have been engaged: **J M Barrie** author of the famous "Little Minister," is writing a new novel, the first since that famous story. **George Meredith** the great English novelist, is in progress of a novel entitled "The Amazing Marriage."

SHORT STORIES will be abundant. W. D. Howells, Miss Jewett, W. H. Bishop, Ludovic Halevy, Paul Bourget, Joel Chandler Harris and many new writers will contribute.

Studies of American Life will be an important feature, including Newport, Bar Harbor, Lenox, etc., and the West.

The Illustrations will be even more numerous and beautiful than ever. A series of Frontispieces chosen by Philip Gilbert Hamerton will be especially notable.

Complete Prospectus sent on request.

Special Offer. The numbers for 1893, and a subscription to 1894, - $4.50
The same, with back numbers, bound in cloth, - - - - 6.00

Sample Copy, 10 cents

Charles Scribner's Sons,
743 Broadway, NEW YORK.

Miscellaneous

1894.
Harper's Magazine.
ILLUSTRATED.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for 1894 will maintain the character that has made it the favorite illustrated periodical for the home. Among the results of entire plans undertaken by the publishers, there will appear, during the year, superbly illustrated papers on India by Edwin Lord Weeks, on the Japanese Seasons by Alfred Parsons, on Germany by Poultney Bigelow, on Paris by Richard Harding Davis, and on Mexico by Frederic Remington.

Among the other notable features of the year will be novels by George du Maurier and Charles Dudley Warner, the personal reminiscences of W. D. Howells, and eight short stories of Western frontier life by Owen Wister. Short stories will also be contributed by Brander Matthews, Richard Harding Davis, Mary E. Wilkins, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Miss Lucienne Abra Tademy, George A. Hibbard, Quesnay de Beaurepaire, Thomas Nelson Page, and others. Articles on topics of current interest will be contributed by distinguished specialists.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.
Per Year:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.....$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY.....4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR.....4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.....2 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico.

The Volumes of the MAGAZINE begin with the Numbers for June and December of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the Number current at the time of receipt of order. Bound Volumes of HARPER'S MAGAZINE for three years back, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postage paid, or by express, free of expense (provided the freight does not exceed one dollar per volume), for $3.00 per volume.

Cloth Cases for each volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of $1.00 each.

Remittances should be made by Post-office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of HARPER & BROTHERS.

Address: HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

1894.
Harper's Bazar.
ILLUSTRATED.

HARPER'S BAZAR is a journal for the home. It gives the latest and best information about Fashions, and its numerous Illustrations, Paris designs and Pattern Sheet supplements are indispensable alike to the home dressmaker and the professional modiste. No expense is spared to make its artistic attractiveness of the highest order. Its bright stories, amusing comedies and thoughtful essays satisfy all tastes, and its last page is famous as the basket of wit and humor. In its weekly issues everything is included which is of interest to women. The Serials for 1894 will be written by William Black and Walter Besant. Short stories will be written by Mary E. Wilkins, Marie Louise Pool, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Madeline Harland, and others. Out-door Sports and In-door Games, Social Entertainment, Embroidery, and other interesting topics will receive constant attention. [illegible] permission of Mrs. Lucy Hayes.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.
Per Year:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.....$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY.....4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR.....4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.....2 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico.

The Volumes of the BAZAR begin with the first Number for January of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the Number current at the time of receipt of order.

Bound Volumes of HARPER'S BAZAR for three years back, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postage paid or by express, free of expense (provided the freight does not exceed one dollar per volume), for $7.00 per volume.

Cloth Cases for each volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of $1.00 each.

Remittances should be made by Post-office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of HARPER & BROTHERS.

Address: HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

1894.
Harper's Weekly.
ILLUSTRATED.

HARPER'S WEEKLY is beyond all question the leading journal in America, in its splendid illustrations, in its corps of distinguished contributors, and in its vast army of readers. In special lines, it draws on the highest order of talent, the men best fitted by position and training to treat the leading topics of the day. In fiction, the most popular story-writers contribute to its columns. Superb drawings by the foremost artists illustrate its special articles, its stories, and every notable event of public interest, it contains portraits of the distinguished men and women who are making the history of the time, while special attention is given to the Army and Navy, Amateur Sport, and music and the drama by distinguished experts. In a word, HARPER'S WEEKLY combines the news features of the daily paper and the artistic and literary qualities of the magazine with the solid critical character of the review.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.
Per Year:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.....$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY.....4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR.....4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.....2 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico.

The Volumes of the WEEKLY begin with the first Number for January of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the Number current at the time of receipt of order.

Bound Volumes of HARPER'S WEEKLY for three years back, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postage paid, or by express, free of expense (provided the freight does not exceed one dollar per volume), for $7.00 per volume.

Cloth Cases for each volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of $1.00 each.

Remittances should be made by Post-office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of HARPER & BROTHERS.

Address: HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that an application will be made to the Board of Pardons of the State of Pennsylvania, on TUESDAY, the TWENTY-SIXTH day of DECEMBER, A. D., 1893, at 11 o'clock, a. m., for the pardon of BERNARD J. MCGINLEY, now serving a sentence in the Common Jail of the County of Bucks, imposed by the Court of Quarter sessions of the Peace of said county upon a conviction for assault and battery.

GILKESON & WRIGHT,
Attorneys for BERNARD J. MCGINLEY.

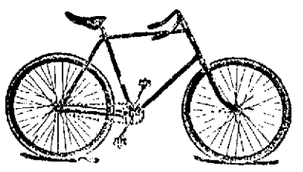
Notice of Lost Certificate.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT Wm E. Appleton is the lost his Certificate No. [illegible] of three shares of the First series of the Capital Stock of the Fidelity Building Association, has made application for the issue of a new certificate for the said stock, and that on and after four weeks from this date the said Certificate No. [illegible] will be void unless previously delivered to the undersigned, and a new certificate will be issued in place thereof.

A. WEIR GILKESON,
Nov. 3, 1893. 4t Secretary.



Miscellaneous



Now for Christmas

Make Your Sons and Daughters happy by giving them the best Christmas Present. WHAT IS IT?

WHY, A BICYCLE.

You can get one ranging in price from $20 to $150 from

G. Schiesser, Jr.
Cycle Agent,

He can sell a first-class, brand new Gentleman's Wheel for $50, fully guaranteed. Ladies' Wheels at almost any price. Special Bargains in Wheels slightly damaged by fire.

REMEMBER THE PLACE,
207 Washington Street.

S. T. VALENTINE,



House and Sign Painter

GRAINER and GLAZIER,
No. 326 Radcliffe Street
BRISTOL, PA.

Estimates for Painting furnished upon application.

Numbers for houses in moderate prices.

Sherman & Peirce,

LUMBER
—AND—
MILL WORK
—AT—
REASONABLE PRICES.

Canal and Dorrance Sts.,
BRISTOL, PA.

DR. J. T. STRADLING,
DENTIST,
No. 21 Market Street,
Bristol, Penna.

B. C. FOSTER.
Watchmaker & Jeweler,
Cor. Mill and Wood Sts.,
BRISTOL, PA.

Has constantly on hand all the new designs in

Gold and Silver Watches,
Jewelry and Silverware,

Spectacles & Eyeglasses,
Black Enamel, Walnut and Oak Clocks.

Particular attention given to Repairing Fine Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. All work done at home and warranted to give satisfaction.

—REMOVAL.—

J. CURTIS HOWELL & SON,
Has Removed to the Store
Cor. of Wood & Penn Sts.,
(Formerly occupied by Wm. Rayburn)
WHERE WILL BE FOUND

Fine Groceries,
PROVISIONS,
Teas, Coffees, Spices.
Fruits & Vegetables in Season
GIVE US A CALL.

BRISTOL HARDWARE CO.,
323 Mill Street.

A Full Line of
Hardware & Builders' Supplies,
ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES AND JOBBING.
Goods at Philadelphia Prices.

—OPENING!—

THE UNDERSIGNED DESIRES TO INform the residents of Bristol and vicinity, that he has opened with a full line of

Ladies', Gents' and Children's
SHOES.

YOUR PATRONAGE IS SOLICITED.

PHILIP WINTER,
33 MILL ST., BRISTOL, PA.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette.

Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

THURSDAY DECEMBER 10, 1891.

Let Them Be Abolished.

An officer of a great city relief mission was lately interrogated as to whether there was any visible increase of destitution this season. The mission has been in existence 40 years; its employees are acquainted with those needing relief as well as any persons living. The officer interviewed replied that the work of this organization lay chiefly among the very poorest slum people. The number of these remained about the same from year to year. Outside of these, however, there was one class that had largely increased, according to his observation. This was the tramp and fraudulent beggar class. Frauds of all varieties had taken advantage of the cry of hard times to load themselves upon the large cities.

The tramp and whining old professional beggar woman were alarmingly increased. The society had carefully investigated such cases and come to the conclusion that it was scarcely less than a crime against the community to aid them. In some cases men had come to them barefooted begging for shoes, occasionally even underclothing, exhibiting their bare skin beneath the tattered coat. Their needs had been supplied, and then they were followed by the society's agents, to see where they went. Without exception they made for the nearest low rumshop or pawnshop and turned the clean, decent article of clothing into bad whisky.

Now, let anybody ask himself whether it is a real charity to keep the life in such a creature as that? Also, when a filthy, wretched old female assumes her theatrical beggar face and stands bareheaded in the rain to enlist the sympathies of the foolishly charitable, would it not be better for her to go to the workhouse, where her kind belong, than to disgrace the fair streets of an American city? Real sufferers from hunger never parade their woes.

When a red nosed, dirty tramp whines out in his singsong, "Say, boss, can't you gimme a dime fur a night's lodgin?" the man who gives it to him is committing a real wrong. A higher civilization will declare that the true charity is to let these excrescences on humanity die and go to a place where they cannot get whisky.

In the Middle of the Road.

The opinion is expressed that since Russia is jealous of England's prestige in Asia, and France is jealous of her progress in Africa, particularly in Egypt, those two nations would alike welcome any pretext to make trouble for her. Then, in the spirit of the kissing picnic at Toulon, they would join their fleets and give her a good drubbing, making common cause against the ancient foe of each. It is believed in some quarters that it would please France and Russia to give England such a drubbing even better than to fight the triple alliance. In case of such war, it is said that England could no longer hold herself isolated from continental politics, but would be forced to side with the triple alliance, and the war would become general. Nothing could please Germany, Italy and Austria better, therefore, than to see England attacked by France and Russia.

France is a brave and generous republic, and our friend—Russia stood our friend when no other nation in Europe did during the civil war and literally prevented foreign intervention in our affairs. On the other hand, the sympathies, interests and characteristics of the great English speaking brotherhood of nations in Europe, in America and in Australia must run together and be as one. The nations that speak English are one race, and ties of blood draw them close together as one family. Which side would have our sympathy and moral support in case of war between Great Britain on one side and France and Russia on the other? Well, neither. The United States would keep in the middle of the road. But we would regret very much to see such a war.

A citizens' committee at Altoona, Pa., has set an example that ought to be followed in every well to do town in America this winter. The members of the committee and their friends pledge themselves to subscribe collectively $5,000 a month during the next five months for the relief of the deserving poor of their city. The relief is not, however, to be distributed in mere charity, to destroy the self respect and habits of industry of the recipients. It is to be paid to married men for working on the city streets and quarries. Regular wages will be paid for regular days' work, Altoona will be improved all over, and the families of the men will be supported comfortably through the dreary winter. The plan ought to be extended. City streets need to be put in order. The country roads of America are something to be ashamed of daily and hourly. If the poor men out of employment can be hired by rich men who have money to spare to build decent roads in the country, then all of us will be happy. Rich men can thus do better with their spare money than in buying fast horses just now.

Gardeners have found it hard to get at the truth about the effect of electricity upon growing plants. The truth seems to be that just enough of it is excellent, while too much of it is worse than none at all. It helps plants under glass when judiciously applied and is therefore beneficial for early garden vegetables. It makes the leaves and stems longer and hastens the growth. It likewise makes the green parts of the plant a deeper green, but at the same time the plants must not be flooded with it and drowned out. The exact amount each gardener must determine for himself by experimentation.

A quartz grinding machine has been invented, which, it is claimed, will secure much more gold from the ore than any apparatus yet known. The new machine grinds the quartz to a powder so fine that most of it will pass through a sieve containing 14,400 holes to the square inch. The powder passes into a stream of water, which washes away the lighter particles of dross, leaving them to float off, while the gold falls upon a bed of mercury, with which it amalgamates.

Professor Dewar's Achievement.

Since Professor James Dewar has succeeded in liquefying oxygen, and other chemists have been able to liquefy other gases, it has been suggested that the true definition of a gas is that it is the vapor given off by a liquid. This will not do. If a pressure at low temperature can be applied to make a liquid out of a gas, there is reason to believe that if greater pressure were applied at still lower temperature then the liquid could be reduced to a solid. Water as we usually see it is a liquid, but at a higher temperature it is vapor; at a lower one a solid. Professor Dewar's great achievement favors nothing less than the startling theory that all substances, whether we know them commonly as solid, liquid or vapor, can be reduced to all three of these forms. The question is, Which is the original one?

We know that the first form of matter, so far as science can judge, was gaseous—star mist or fire mist. That was the original form of matter, if we can suppose it to have had at all an original form. The right way to put the definition, then, would be that a solid or liquid is a gas which has been subjected to pressure at the proper temperature. Both pressure and temperature are of course different for different substances, if indeed all substances may not some day be proved to be one identical form of matter, differentiated by diverse arrangement of atom and molecule and varied conditions.

Dewar's discovery will add to science a new expression—namely, the "critical point" or temperature of a gas. The earlier attempts to liquefy oxygen were unsuccessful, because they consisted of the application of pressure at too high a temperature. The exact degree of cold to which a gas must be reduced before it will liquefy under pressure is called its "critical point." The critical point for oxygen gas is 166 degrees below freezing point—that is to say, 134 degrees below zero. In obtaining liquid oxygen Professor Dewar has succeeded in reaching a temperature of 256 degrees below zero. Professor Dewar is a Scotchman by birth. He was the pupil and assistant of Sir Lyon Playfair, and he is at present professor of natural experimental philosophy in the University of Cambridge.

The British Farm Laborer.

English editors certainly ought to know their own country. Serfdom was prevalent in the days of William the Conqueror and afterward. But in the reign of Elizabeth, in the year 1574, it was said that the last serf on British soil had been manumitted.

The reader will find, however, by perusing the following paragraph from All the Year Round that this was a mistaken impression. Serfdom still flourishes in free Britain in a form as inquitous as it ever did, apparently. The tiller of the soil does not begin to be as comfortable and well fed as the four footed animals upon the farm:

> An agricultural laborer who is married and has a family never buys meat. He never tastes it unless it is given him as a dole. He never takes a holiday. When a holiday is forced upon him, it means short commons—that is, nothing to eat. The only prospect he has in life is not alone the prospect but the certainty of getting poorer—poorer and poorer, with the "house" in the end.
>
> If he is lucky, and the parson and the squire and such like look after the parish, he will be a recipient of charity from the cradle to the grave. He will never have anything in the his. Were anything of that sort to come his way, he might gape and stare and laugh—if you can call the hooting sound he makes laughter. But not only would he not enjoy himself, he would not understand what was meant. He is imbruted a mere animal. Thanks what "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain," in the present year of grace has made him. His only enjoyments are material—beer and 'baccy. The wise folk who speak of improving his condition seem disposed to begin by depriving him of those.

Our Commercial Supremacy.

Mr. John R. Proctor, writing in The Forum, says that England seems to be either trying to fetter the commerce of the world or insure the good behavior of mankind by acquiring strategic points all over the world and fortifying them in addition to having coaling stations scattered through all the oceans. He does not like to see England having everything her own way, but declares that the United States should enter the struggle for commercial supremacy and wrest it from the mother country's grasp. He mentions a fact rather to our discredit, as follows: A New York merchant not long since desired to ship a cargo of cannel coal from Norfolk to Rio Janeiro and found that he could send it from Norfolk to Liverpool, then reship it to Rio Janeiro cheaper than he could send it direct from Norfolk to that place.

The United States now possesses 58 per cent of all the coalfields of the civilized world. In 1891 the United States turned out 34 per cent of the world's output of pig iron, England only 30 per cent. The United States produces 80 per cent of all the cotton grown. Yet we only manufacture one-sixth of the world's supply. Great Britain manufactures three times as much and distributes throughout the world not only that product but nearly all the rest.

Mr. Proctor does not believe that the war caused the decline in the American merchant marine. It began before the war, he says, immediately following 1856. The cause of the decline he attributes to the immense development of our own west and south and the building of many railways. This gave a more profitable investment for our capital than the putting of it into ships for commerce. Now, however, producing so great a proportion of the world's raw material, it is our duty to get back the commerce we formerly enjoyed. The first step toward this is the completion quickly of a canal across the isthmus, thus connecting the Atlantic and Pacific oceans.

Mr. Proctor does not believe in a tariff. He says that England's commercial supremacy on the seas dates from her adoption of free trade. But Great Britain subsidizes her ocean steamers liberally on condition that in case of war they form part of her naval reserve. To match this Proctor thinks our government should aid in building the isthmus canal, and then allow to pass through it free such American ships as agree to form part of our naval reserve.

Science can certainly get the mastery of nature on a small scale. In the northern lake and river ports hereafter, when navigation is blocked by ice, all that is necessary will be for some skillful engineer to have the ice dug away at a certain spot, put some pounds of dynamite there, lay a fuse and blow up the ice gorge.

One Lack in America.

It is worth while to pay heed to the criticisms of intelligent foreigners who wish well to the United States. Such a foreigner is M. Henri de Vilmorin, secretary of the Agricultural society of France, and himself an eminent professional horticulturist and floriculturist. He says the thing that impressed him most strangely and unpleasantly was the lack of private gardens in America. He thought our people were kept so busy moving westward that they had no time to wait till trees, flowers and shrubs would grow properly about a home.

The finest gardens he found were, rather oddly, in the vicinity of Boston, where the climate is as unfavorable to flowers as that of almost any part of the Union. At Beverly, Mass., he found some very beautiful gardens and some extraordinarily pretty flowers. He noticed with peculiar satisfaction, however, that we were improving in this respect and that our private houses, railway stations and public parks displayed many more flower beds and well kept lawns than was the case three years ago, when M. de Vilmorin was in America. He was sure the trade in cut flowers in our cities had quite doubled in the last three years, and the quality of the roses, pinks and chrysanthemums was higher than it is in Europe. The charges for these beautiful flowers he found very moderate. He hoped that this love for cut flowers would develop the taste for flower culture in private homes. The greatest profusion of flowers and the most enthusiastic flower lovers M. de Vilmorin found in California.

The "Gibraltar of Republicanism," as Philadelphia has been sometimes called, seems to be in a bad way over the colored police question. In Brooklyn, ruled till the last election by Democrats for some years, the colored policeman bunks in with his white brethren of the force, occupying the same headquarters and sleeping room. At first there seemed to be some friction and a nervous irritability in regard to it on the part of some police gentlemen of Hibernian descent, but this rubbed itself out after a time, and there was no further trouble. In Philadelphia, however, color feeling rose so high in police circles that at the Nineteenth district station house a separate room was provided for the colored police officers, and one of them was reminded by a white officer and brother that he belonged "with the niggers up stairs." Thereupon a committee of colored citizens waited on his honor the mayor, and informed him of the caste and color line that had been drawn by some of his white employes, likewise reminding him that colored votes made no small part of the Philadelphia Republican party. Then they gently hinted that colored voters did not approve of a policy in police quarters like that of the "Jim Crow car" system on southern railway lines. The hint was sufficient.

An important decision has been rendered in Pennsylvania in case of the state against the Sharon Coal company. The state officers arbitrarily increased the valuation of the Sharon company's property, basing the increase on the fact of its largely increased net earnings. The decision of the judge was that net earnings over and above what have been paid out in dividends or reserved as a surplus or sinking fund cannot be made a basis of the value of the stock of a concern. The court therefore took the valuation of the company's property as made by its own officers instead of the state officers.

The ladies of San Francisco are on a crusade to reform the newspapers of that city. The San Francisco Examiner recommends them to make part of their work consist in the encouragement and support of those newspapers that are published on the cleanest, most moral as well as most grammatical lines. This is first class advice.

Norway has had at least part of her ambition to be recognized as an independent state gratified. She now has with the United States an extradition treaty whereby either Norway or this country can make a present to the other of any criminal who is wanted for punishment.

College honors are not now determined by size of brain, but by size of leg.

A Complete Establishment.

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the Fall and Winter trade. They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made. Hats, from 40cts. to $3.00. Underwear from $1.00 to $3.00 per suit; and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods, bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers. They keep no auction trash upon their premises.

A God-send is "Ely's Cream Balm. I had catarrh for three years. Two or three times a week my nose would bleed. I thought the sores would never heal. Your Balm has cured me."—Mrs. M. A. Jackson, Portsmouth, N. H.

I was so much troubled with catarrh it seriously affected my voice. One bottle of Ely's Cream Balm did the work. My voice is fully restored.—B. F. Liepsner, A. M., Pastor of the Olivet Baptist Church, Philadelphia, Pa.

Stop Coughing

On it will end in consumption. The afflicted should resort at once to Stretch's Balsam Wild Cherry and Horehound, a sure remedy for Asthma, Bronchitis or any pulmonary disease. At all druggists—25 cents.

Oct 5-3m.

Dr. J. D. Thomas, 912 Walnut Street, Philadelphia,

Makes a specialty of using nitrous oxide gas for the painless extraction of teeth. He has now reached the large number of 100,000 people to whom he has administered it.

Will We Have Cholera?

If such is to be the deplorable state of affairs, it would not be wise to overlook any precautionary measure. The cheapest and best way to improve the sanitary condition of your home is to scrape off the old paper and have new put on. The Fidelity Wall Paper Co., of 12 North Eleventh Street, Philadelphia, are selling gold embossed papers for 12 and 15 cents. Send four two cent stamps for samples.

Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke your Life Away

is the truthful, startling title of a little book that tells all about No-to-bac, the wonderful, harmless Guaranteed tobacco habit cure. The cost is trifling and the man who wants to quit and can't, runs no physical or financial risk in using "No-to-bac." Sold by all druggists.

Book at Drug Stores or by mail free. Address The Sterling Remedy Co., Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind.

Piles or Hemorrhoid

Permanently cured without knife or ligature. No danger or suffering. No delay from business while under treatment. Patients who are responsible need not pay until well. A perfect cure guaranteed. Send for circular. R. REED, M. D., 129 South Thirteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(SEAL.)

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Personal.

Bear in mind one thing, that if business, pleasure or necessity calls you away from home at any time, be particular to have your route fully decided upon and arranged before starting.

Many things should be taken into consideration, especially the inducements offered by the Wisconsin Central Company to those who wish to visit St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, West Superior, Duluth or any point in Wisconsin.

Their trains leave Chicago at convenient hours. Their equipment is unsurpassed by any line in the Northwest.

Close connections are made at St. Paul and Minneapolis with the various lines running to all California and Pacific Coast points.

Ask your nearest ticket agent for full information, and be particular to see that your tickets read via the "Wisconsin Central Lines."

JAS. C. POND,
Genl Pass. Agent,
Milwaukee, Wis.

PALOUSE,
BIG BEND,
CHELAN

These are the names of three great agricultural districts in eastern Washington reached by the Northern Pacific Railroad.

THE FIRST lies south of Spokane and is a remarkable grain producing region, and one where fruits and vegetables attain great perfection. It is a noted country in the Northwest.

THE SECOND is a very peculiar section west of Spokane, so called because it is hemmed in on the west by a great bend of the Columbia River. It LOOKS good for nothing—the crops are MARVELS in appearance and yield. It is coming forward rapidly, and land is cheap.

THE CHELAN REGION is west of the Big Bend, and on the other side of the Columbia River. It is proving to be a fruit country, equal to any on the Pacific Coast. It is in the midst of some of the finest scenery of the west.

Write to Chas. S. Fee, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent N. P. R. R., St. Paul, for maps folders and information.

An Ordinance

Requiring the Curbing, Paving and Guttering of the Northwest side of Wood Street from Lafayette street to Jefferson Avenue.

The Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol do ordain:

That it shall be the duty of all owners of property fronting upon the Northwest side of Wood Street between Lafayette Street and Jefferson Avenue, to curb, pave and gutter that portion of the said street in front of their respective properties, in accordance with Plan No. 20 of the Surveys of Bristol Borough and upon failure or neglect to comply with the provisions of this ordinance for the space of three months the Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol shall cause any curbing, paving or guttering so neglected to be done to be at once constructed, and shall proceed to collect the cost of the same with the penalty thereto annexed from the delinquent owner according to law.

Enacted into an Ordinance at the Council Chamber the 11th day of December, 1891.

T. B. HARKINS, Burgess

Attest—J. WESLEY WRIGHT, Clerk.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of WILLIAM H GRUNDY, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks county, Pa.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement, without delay, to

JOSEPH R GRUNDY,
108 South Front street, Philadelphia.

JOSEPH R. GRUNDY, Bristol, Pa.,
SAMUEL LEA, Philadelphia,
Or GILKESON & WRIGHT, Administrators
Their Attorneys.

SEVEN MAGAZINES IN ONE.

ST. NICHOLAS

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

"Wide Awake" now Merged in it.

Enlarged by 200 additional pages in the volume. Everything Illustrated.

Of all publications for boys and girls, ST. NICHOLAS, as conducted by Mary Mapes Dodge, is unquestionably the best. It has been placed by the press and the people of the continent—its circulation is unprecedented among magazines for young folks. Beginning with the number for November, 1891, it is enlarged by the addition of about 200 pages to the volume and for 1892-93 it will have the greatest programme in its history, including

A Natural History Series,

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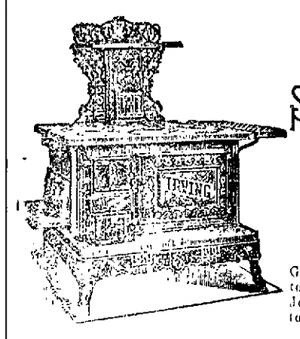
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TO A DISCOURAGED POET.

You have to fight for fame, do not forget.
These seeming giants, perched upon their hills,
Each one a genius to himself, have quills
All inked and sharpened well for the onset—
They'll snub you right and left without regret.
A helping hand? Don't look for it. Their rills
Have little they can spare. Their rhyming mills
Have their own corn to grind and cash to get.
Sing if you must. Of the result why care?
People will heed if it is from the heart,
If it have wit and fancy for the mind.
What gain you by surrender to despair?
If you have good ideas, well wed to art,
In time these hill perched giants will grow kind.
—Edward S. Creamer in New York Sun.

FIVE PROPOSALS.

The summer I was 16 was the momentous one of my first proposal. I went to spend my vacation with four cousins in Kentucky. Gay, charming girls were they, living in a low, rose covered house on the edge of town. Although at home men were not allowed to call, here they could not be kept away from me, as my cousins had them by the score.

The day before my birthday I met a man a universal beau—as skilled in the art of flirting as I was unskilled. He flattered me until my head swam and went through all the first stages of a flirtation without once hinting of marriage. In a confused, blind way I felt that something was wrong. I was ashamed to tell any one, but I thought he ought to know that I did not think of him as he professed to think of me. Still all he said was so intangible I could not refute it nor speak out frankly myself.

One day when we were driving he suddenly threw his arm around me and tried to kiss me. Frightened out of my wits, I sprang up and actually had my foot on the step prepared to go out over the wheels when he caught my hand.

"Sit down, child!" he said. "I won't touch you."

Never shall I forget the humiliation of that moment. As I look back, I think nothing more unfortunate ever happened to me than that attempted kiss. It blistered the unspotted page of my childish belief in men, and the welt has never been smoothed out.

"There was no harm in what I did," he went on. "It was because I think so much of you." No answer from me. I knew now that he was flirting with me. It made me furious.

"Take me home," I said abruptly. In the silence which followed, my thoughts spun round and round. I could not formulate them. Suddenly he said, "I love you."

I turned and looked at him. It was the first time he had spoken that word.

"Yes, I love you," he said.

"I am very sorry," I faltered, losing my new found courage and indignation at once.

"Sorry?" he echoed.

"Yes, very sorry, for I do not love you."

"Why do you tell me that?" he cried. "Why couldn't you let me love you for the few weeks you will be down here without throwing cold water over me in that way?"

"Love me for a few weeks?" I said, puzzled. "How do you mean?"

He laughed in a slightly embarrassed way without reply, so I went on: "Was that cold water? I did not mean to be rude. I only meant to be honest. I do not want to give you any unnecessary pain."

He regarded me curiously.

"So you think you couldn't love me?" he asked.

"Not well enough to—to marry you," I said, with averted face and deep embarassment. Another long silence, which nearly set me frantic. What had I done? Why didn't he talk? What could be be thinking of? Presently he broke in vehemently with:

"Yes, I do want you, and you will marry me, won't you?"

"Oh, no! Please don't ask me. I was afraid of this, only I couldn't tell you sooner," I faltered, quite alarmed by his earnestness. He persuaded and coaxed, and I grew almost tearful in denying him. Finally he said:

"Well, I won't tease you any more. You will have lots of sweethearts after awhile, and just let me tell you this: If you treat them as you have me, they will thank God, as I do, that they have met and loved one perfectly honest woman." And as he helped me down at our own door he added: "I shall never get over this. I shall never marry."

He did not come in with me, thereby making everybody on the porch smile, as my guilty aspect could not have failed to do. His tone was so tragic that I thought perhaps he would kill himself. But—he did not. He married another girl.

* * * * * * *

The next was from a man who professed to care a great deal for me. It came about in this way: I was standing at the top of the piazza steps as he came up the walk, and overhead the honeysuckle and nephetos roses met and made an arch. No one was in sight, but my mischievous cousins were behind the closed blinds and heard every word, especially as they said Mr. John talked louder than ever in moments of tenderness, so they claimed that his proposal could have been heard "out in the big road." He took off his hat and stopped at the foot of the steps. Without a word of preface he said:

"If I could see that sweet picture every night when I came home, I wouldn't ask the Lord to give me another thing! Do you think you could do it for me?"

"What, stand here every night?" I said, laughing, thinking it merely a compliment to my white dress.

"Yes, stand there every night and let me know that yours was the face of my wife."

I was too stunned to answer.

"Will you?"

"Oh, Mr. John!" I gasped.

"I love you, sweetheart," he said. "You are the only woman I have ever loved." I certainly heard a sound behind the blinds, but did not dare to look around.

"Oh, Mr. John!" I said again, like an idiot.

"Could you love an ugly old fellow like me?" he pursued, describing me in three equally flattering words, which I forbear to repeat.

"Oh, I don't think you are so very ugly," I said eagerly, trying to be both polite and honest.

A subdued flapping of the curtain behind me made my hair rise, and my confusion was complete when Mr. John threw his head back and laughed so heartily he nearly lost his balance. He interrupted my apology and grew suddenly grave.

"Too ugly and old for you to love me, sweetheart, but not too old and ugly to love you. Pretty soon you'll go back up north, but you'll not forget that there's one old fellow down south who loves you and would marry you, no matter how old you were—you couldn't be ugly—any time you wanted him."

"Oh, how good you are!" I exclaimed sincerely, for his offer seemed, to my inexperience, a very handsome one.

I gave the required promise. He begged a rose from me and came in. I called the girls, who entered with mischievous eyes, and he made a long call, quite as if he had not been rejected to start with.

For a whole year afterward I scarcely spoke to a man. Then came an end to school days and my debut.

Presently I had a curious and disagreeable experience—a proposal which makes me by turns angry, amused and remorseful.

* * * * * * *

It was from a young Englishman. His haughty mother openly detested America and regarded American girls as only bearable if enormously wealthy. Her eldest son married a cool million. Her youngest, her idol, was so foolish as to fall blindly in love with a dowerless girl.

He made as much love to me as he dared under the stony eyes of his mother, and then I went with my family to the seashore for the summer. Perhaps he missed me; perhaps she forbade him to consider me. At any rate, something made him follow me.

I remember that he was playing the "Pilgrim Chorus" when I came in from a walk, and he said admiringly:

"What a neat little filly you are!"

"Use the plural, please," I said.

"Plural, how?" he questioned stupidly.

"Phyllis, not filly. Besides, how dare you compare me to a horse? I detest it!"

"I hope you don't detest me, for I love you."

"Nonsense! What would your mother say if she could hear you wooing a girl who is no heiress—a plebeian American at that! Take care!"

"I don't care what she'd say! I love you even if you are an American. I love all America for your sake, although, I confess, I used to hate it. Only an American shall be my wife, if she will have me, and my mother shall receive her! The little American shall hold her own with even my mother. What does she say?"

"She says this: The little American is too proud to marry into any family where she is not welcomed by all. The slurs cast upon American girls by your mother in my presence ring in my ears too loudly for me to hear you. Your mother's pride forbids you to marry aught save money. My pride forbids me to marry aught save the man."

"Hang me if I don't tell her what you say!" he exclaimed in delight. "What a high stepper you are! I like you for it. You ought to be in our family. I'll marry you yet, and my mother shall be as glad to get you as I, for I love you, Phyllis."

"If you do, you will never mention the subject to me again, for not only do I not love you in the least, but I can't even respect a man of your well known habits. I've remonstrated with you often, and you won't even try to give them up. You make a bad lover; you would make a worse husband."

"I'll reform if you'll marry me. If I could be with you always, I couldn't help being better."

"Try it alone first. You are going down hill fast. Be a man for the sake of your own manhood and not to please a weak woman."

"I can't. I need your daily help."

"You shall have it," I said eagerly. "Come and see me every day if you like."

"No, I mean your hourly presence. I must be sure of you first. I want to reform for my wife. Dear Phyllis, please say 'Yes.'"

"No, no!" I said. "I hope you wont think me unkind, but I can't."

"Unkind!" he echoed. "I think you are the cruelest girl I ever knew. I don't believe you love me at all."

"Why, of course I don't! Did you think"—

"I think that you have driven me to despair. And when the worst comes just say to yourself: 'This is my work. I alone could have saved him, and I wouldn't.'"

"I shan't," I said hastily and inelegantly. "Because it isn't. It won't be. I don't."

"Phyllis, you little think what you have done today. If you persist, you have deliberately destroyed a man's soul. Men's souls are in the hands of women. Mine is in yours. What will you do with it?"

As usual, I was badly frightened. I felt faint, but I stood up and held out both hands to him, saying tremblingly:

"I give it back to you just as I received it. I dare not undertake the responsibility. Make of it what you will."

He crushed both my hands in his and then flung them from him.

"I'll go to the devil then!" he said, and—I think he kept his word.

* * * * * * *

One day came an offer from a man who had loved me ever since I was a little girl and who is the only lover I ever had who became my friend afterward. It seems to me I must always have known that he loved me, and he is still so unselfish and patient a friend that I always think of him as unchanging. All that he said was:

"Phyllis, we have gone thus far in life apart. Can't we go the rest of the way together?" And when I said "No" and began to excuse myself he stopped me:

"Dear girl, don't say that to me. I have loved you much too long and too well not to know you. I understand all you would say. Trust me as I trust you, and forget everything I ever said, except that my heart aches with love for you. Remember that always. Shall we walk on?"

I was so dismayed by his abrupt dismissal of the subject that I nearly fell down instead. How conventionality helps one through a crisis!

* * * * * * *

The last one was from a man at a ball. On his dress coat, as he claimed me for a waltz, was a long, white thread. I smilingly called his attention to it and took it off. My sister saw me, and knowing things were in that interesting condition when a word would precipitate matters thought to tease me by saying:

"Who is it that says if a woman will take the trouble to pick a thread from a man's coat that man may have her for the asking?" She laughed gleefully at our discomfiture and floated away.

The first time we stopped to promenade my partner glanced down at me, and there, caught in the flowers of my gown, was this same long thread. He bent down to take it off just as we came to a clearing among the dancers.

"What are you doing?" I said.

"I'm picking threads off your coat," he repeated, stepping in front of me. "Will you?" I thought he meant would I go on with the waltz. I laid my hand in his, and we melted into our places.

"Did you understand?" he whispered.

Now, it is bad enough to have to refuse a man on the sofa, but to have to do it when you are in his very arms; when, while he tells you over and over that he loves you, he can emphasize with a hand pressure without reproof; when every second you are imperceptibly being drawn closer and closer, until the wretched truth dawns upon you that the music and the dance are secondary things, and that in reality you are being hugged, actually hugged by a man whom you are not going to marry—you must resist the impulse to put both hands against him and push with all your might. You simply get tired suddenly and are taken to your chaperon, where at least you can refuse him properly.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Submarine Bridge.

"A submarine bridge!" Did you ever hear tell of such a marvel of the engineer's work, or stop to figure out the conditions that would make such an architectural monstrosity necessary? The Oresund is a narrow strait between Denmark and Sweden which is constantly filled with all kinds of shipping. There is a ferry, but it is always being impeded in its operations by the sea vessels. To obviate this Rudolph Lilljequist, the Swedish engineer, proposes the submarine bridge—a structure half tunnel and half bridge. The whole affair will be a gigantic tube, resting on spiles sunk out of reach of the bottoms of the largest vessels, the diameter sufficient for two railway tracks and one driveway. It will be five miles long, and will probably be finished by 1896.—St. Louis Republic.

One on Mr. Moody.

It reminds one of the result of the same sign which the evangelist, D. L. Moody, displayed when he was a boy in a Court street shoe store here. Trade was dull, and the young clerk wanted to make money for his employer, so he took a pair of high cost shoes and surmounted them with the sign. "Any shoe here for $2." A smart business man, who saw what a good bargain he was going to get, came in and made a trade. But Mr. Moody informed him that he could have only one shoe for $2. "All right," he said and started away with his single shoe. That sign came down.—Boston Journal.

Offended Sensibilities.

"Certainly," said the farmer's wife to Meandering Mike, "I'll give you your breakfast."

"Thank you, ma'am, fur ever an ever."

"Suppose," she went on, with a glance at the woodpile, "that you start in with a chop."

And he turned haughtily away with a remark to the effect that nothing was so offensive to a man of taste as an untimely and unseemly jest.—Washington Star.

Tombstone Inscriptions.

In the surrogate's court, over the application of Margaret Hartshorn for letters of administration of the estate of her sister, Ann Mellon, Counselor E. W. Nugent claimed that the name on the tombstone was "Ann Malley," whereupon Surrogate Conway remarked that "inscriptions on tombstones don't always tell the truth."—Albany Press and Knickerbocker.

Gold in paying deposits in Minnesota! Good!

A FLASH OF LIGHTNING.

The Method Adopted by Scientists For Determining Its Duration.

A heavy thunderstorm raises different emotions in the observer's breast. It may be of awe, wonder, terror or interest, according to the beholder's temperament. Ninety-nine out of every hundred readers doubtless imagine that the vivid flashes of lightning which on these occasions follow each other with such rapidity and brilliancy are absolutely instantaneous in appearance and effect, and to the unaided eye they appear as such.

Learned and deep thinking savants have, however, brought scientific accuracy to bear on the subject, and their investigations into the question of the duration and speed of the electric flash led up to some of the most ingenious and beautiful experiments in the history of electrical science.

The method adopted by scientists of timing a flash of lightning is as follows: By means of multiplying machinery a mirror is made to revolve at an enormous speed, in some cases 800 times per second, or nearly 50,000 times a minute. It is reasoned that if the electric flash be strictly instantaneous it will appear reflected on the mirror as dots or points of light; whereas, let its duration be ever so small, the mirror would move meanwhile and the electric flash appear reflected in the mirror as a line of light more or less strong.

In experiments that have taken place it is found that the mirror, traveling as above stated, does move while the flash lasts through 26 degrees, or the one-thirteenth of a revolution. Therefore the duration of a flash of lightning is one-thirteenth of one-eight hundredth, or the ten thousandth part of a second: thus one-thirteenth of one-eight hundredth equals one-ten thousand four hundredth. The writer has a lively remembrance of the vivid effects even this extremely brief duration will give rise to on a dark night.

Should the reader care to do the timing of a flash of lightning for himself he may do so very easily by taking a cardboard disk and painting on it a number of alternate black and white sections. If the disk be then attached to the wheel of the family sewing machine and made to revolve rapidly, it appears to the unaided eye to be of a uniformly gray tint. The eye fails to distinguish the respective black and white sections in consequence of an impression on the retina lasting the tenth of a second. But let the disk be set going during a thunderstorm; the flashes of lightning will show up the black and white sections quite distinctly, thus showing the duration of the flash to be less than the period of revolution through one section. It only remains to ascertain the number of rotations per second the disk is moving at, multiply this by the number of sections, and the result, if the experiment is correctly carried out, will approach very nearly to that already given.—London Tit-Bits.

Rafting In Western Pennsylvania.

The most romantic and entertaining feature of the pine business came with rafting. On the larger streams the mills were built. Railroads had not penetrated the region when white pine was king of western Pennsylvania, and the lumber was all sent to market by the creek and river. A raft was compactly built of boards containing from 20,000 to 50,000 feet, owing much to the size of the stream to be navigated. Then when the spring floods came everybody, even to the village preacher and doctor, went "down the creek."

The rafts were fitted with great oars at either end, the use of which enabled the hands to keep the craft in the channel. As these smaller pieces reached the river they were grouped in fleets and coupled together until a fleet, as it reached Pittsburg, covered half an acre of territory and floated nearly 500,000 of lumber. As they went on down the Ohio to Cincinnati or Louisville, they were again coupled up until the area of some of the large ones fell a little short of two acres, with a value of close to $250,000.

In April and May the main stream of the Alleghany presented an exhilarating sight. From early daybreak until nightfall the stream ran full of rafts, following closely behind one another. At night every eddy along the valley was tied full of acres of clean white pine. And the cabins on the rafts in which the crews were quartered were miniature although exceedingly ephemeral cities. When the great drive reached Pittsburg, the wharves and landings on both sides were filled with lumber in every available place where a raft could be tied. The congestion reached as far up the river as Plum creek, 10 miles or more from "the point"—a bridge in the city.—Philadelphia Times.

MISS NANCY BAILEY, THE INDEXER.

Something About the Brilliant Young English Woman Who Indexed Hansard.

Miss Nancy Bailey is a pretty young English woman about whom many things might be said; for example, Miss Bailey is an indexer. When one takes into account the fact that there are not more than half a dozen others in all of Great Britain and that Miss Nancy leads them all, it will be seen that this is saying a good deal.

Nancy was a Shropshire girl in her early youth, and one never to be forgotten day she set out for London, determined to "do something." She didn't have indexing in mind then. She yearned to be literary, and as she was very much interested in artistic subjects sent off sundry articles in that line to the magazines. These were finally printed, but in the meantime great financial stringency overtook the young author. In this crisis she compiled an index of "The Year's Art." Then she did other potboilers, condensed two volume novels into one volume, made abstracts of wills for the Herald's college and did many things which developed her talent for winnowing the wheat from the chaff.

Then a great thing happened. The editor of Hansard asked her to index the parliamentary debates. To realize the importance of this request one must read what Mr. Stead wrote to Miss Bailey.

"For intrinsic importance," wrote the great journalist, "I would prefer to index Hansard rather than have a seat in the house of commons. That important post you have won for womanhood. We all owe you thanks as human beings for demonstrating the capacity of woman to do the work—the arduous, responsible work—of actually creating the memory of the imperial parliament session by session. That is a noble service which any man might covet, but which it is your peculiar glory to render, being a woman."

That was strong praise, but Miss Nancy earned it. "I shall always remember," she says, "my start on Hansard. I felt that it was absolutely hopeless: that I should never succeed. But I worked on, sometimes all day and all night, till at last I waded through my difficulties. There was nobody to teach me, so I had to evolve my own method."

If an acquaintance with the young indexer could impart all her knowledge, then to know her would be a liberal education. For instance, she has indexed reports of mining commissions and has had to familiarize herself with all the technical terms and the processes to which they refer.

The same thing had to be done with reports of the Gloucester Canal company and such books as the following: Young's "Tour In Ireland," "The Science of International Law," documents of the shipping federation and some of the liberal publication department and a work on "The Somerset Religious Houses.".

Young women who began to read this sketch with an idea that they might become indexers will therefore see that it is no trifling task. But to those who are sufficiently careful, clever and persistent the successful Miss Nancy recommends the profession heartily. At least it is not overcrowded.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox's Husband.

Robert Wilcox, the husband of Ella Wheeler, the poetess of passion, is a drummer—just a plain, ordinary, two grip, 1,000 mile ticket drummer. His veracious narrations have, it is said, furnished his gifted wife with ideas for many stories and poems, and he is the critic upon whom she most relies to point out defects in her work. Mr. Wilcox is stout and heavy set, with a full round face and a bald head. How he captured the affections of the modern Sappho is a mystery to every one and most of all, as he admits, to himself.—Chicago Herald.

HE WAITED FOR THE SIGNAL.

Force of Habit Held a Gripman In Lincoln Park Nearly All Night.

"Watching for those green signal lights gets to be a sort of second nature to us," explained the North Side gripman. He was in a reminiscent mood and was waiting for the signal that would notify him he could get by Center street. "I suppose you know the system," he went on. "The light is on a pivot so that it can be made to shine in any direction that the man at the switch wants it to. When he has the switch ready, he flashes it in the direction of the car that he wants to come on. It's his signal to the gripman, and the gripman has to wait until he gets it before he runs his car up to the switch. I suppose you never heard of the trouble it got Charlie into. Who's Charlie? Oh, he used to be a gripman on this line. I'll tell you the story about him.

"You see, at Center street there are only three directions in which to flash the light —south for the northbound limits or Lincoln avenue cars, north for the southbound limits cars and west for the southbound Lincoln avenue cars, which come east on Center street to Clark. Lincoln park is to the east of the light, and of course there are no cars to signal there. That's what made all the trouble. You see, Charlie was off duty that night and had been over in Lincoln park with his best girl. They had been sitting on the grass near the Center street entrance, and when it came time to go home it was sort of second nature to Charlie to look for the signal light. He could see that it was lit, but he didn't get the signal. Well, that struck him as sort of funny, but a man has to learn to be patient on a grip car, so Charlie just drew the girl a little closer to him and kept his eye open for the signal.

"'Seems to me,' says Charlie after half an hour's wait, 'that everybody's getting the signal but me. It's mighty funny.'

"It began to trouble him some, but orders is not to go by Center street till you get the signal. So Charlie took a tighter hold on the girl, thinking she was the lever of the grip, and waited some more for the signal.

"'Something must be wrong with the switch,' says Charlie again after awhile. 'If orders wasn't so strict, I'd chance it, but I dassen't do it.'

"So he staid there, and the girl staid there, and she kept wondering why Charlie was watching the corner so close and why he didn't take her home, but she had confidence in Charlie, so she didn't say anything.

"Well, sir, just to show what a thing habit is, Charlie kept sitting there waiting for that light so's he could get out of the park until the last cable had gone by, and he saw them carrying away the light. Then it flashed over him what a fool he'd been—waiting for his signal when he wasn't on duty and wasn't even on his car, and then he took the girl home, getting there a little after 1 o'clock.

"True?" exclaimed the gripman in response to a question. "Of course it's true. Leastways that's the reason he gave the girl's folks for not getting her home earlier, and he wouldn't lie to them, would he?"—Chicago Post.

A Pet Leopard.

Yes, a native brought him to me when he was only the size of a cat. He was a beautiful creature, and I had him for a year or two as an almost constant companion. Every evening when I came home he was sitting on the veranda, his paws hanging over the edge, waiting for me. He knew my carriage quite well and distinguished it from other carriages. When I got in, I always had a good romp with him. He played like a cat and got quite excited, but never hurt me. I often took him for walks, on a long chain. He never did any actual harm, but whenever he saw a child or a dog he would stalk them.

One night he got loose. My two little nieces were in the night nursery, and we were at dinner. Suddenly we heard a terrible scream from the nursery and the crashing of glass, as if something had been broken. Rushing into the room, we saw two wild eyes glaring at us from under a bed. The leopard had come in, and the child in her terror had thrown the lamp at him and then hid under the bedclothes.

He died, I am sorry to say, from the effects of a severe beating I had to give him. He had attacked a calf, and the cow, infuriated, attacked myself and the leopard together. In order to make him give up the calf, I had to hit him severely over the nose, and he never recovered from that, but died shortly after.—Westminster Gazette.

The Czar's Commands Ignored.

Admiral Greig joined the Russian navy when a boy and rose to the command of the Black sea fleet, which the czar reviewed from time to time. One fine day his majesty expressed a wish to enjoy a cruise in the flagship. The admiral accordingly set sail, and all went well until a sudden tempest broke, to the great discomfort of the imperial party.

The emperor entreated the admiral to put back, but the wind was contrary, and the admiral could attempt nothing of the sort. The emperor then succumbed utterly to seasickness and peremptorily ordered a return.

"I acknowledge that his majesty is ruler of all the Russias," said the admiral, "but I am master on board. You may tell his majesty that his commands cannot be obeyed."

The ship was actually driven within sight of the Asiatic coast, but only when the storm abated could his autocratic majesty's orders be obeyed. On finding himself safe on land, the czar begged the admiral's pardon for his impatience and presented him with the usual gold snuffbox set with diamonds and suitably inscribed.—Youth's Companion.

Some Famous Bachelors.

No one need be ashamed of being a bachelor, says a contemporary writer. He produces a list of famous men who were never married. Among them are Descartes, Spinoza, Newton, Leibnitz, Swedenborg, Kant, Voltaire, Horace Walpole, Edward Gibbon, Francis Drake, Beethoven, Richelieu, Michael Angelo, Isaac Watts, Montgomery, Cooper, Gray, David Hume, John Randolph, Washington Irving, James Buchanan, Samuel J. Tilden, Thaddeus Stevens, Alexander Stephens, John G. Whittier, Walt Whitman and Phillips Brooks. The only comment to be made is that nobody knows how much greater they might have been had they married.—Buffalo Courier.

The Advent of Gloves.

English dames of early days never dreamed of such subtleties as gloves. They wore their sleeves long, with pointed flaps that rested on the back of their hands, or when they went forth in winter drew the loose drapery of their outer garment over their hands. It was not till near the close of the tenth century that they thought of gloves, and then they wore them with only a thumb and no fingers, like the mittens of the present day, and were so proud of them that they emphasized them by bright colors, such as violets, red and blues. Gloves remained far longer and wider than need be, and they were woundrously embroidered and starred with jewels.—Washington Post.

One Cause of Drowning.

The Northwestern Lancet offers a new explanation of the sudden drowning of good swimmers, hitherto attributed to cramp. There is nothing in a cramp in the leg to prevent an ordinary swimmer supporting himself in the water by his hands or on his back, nor to cause him to throw up his hands and sink once for all like a stone. Such cases are attributed to perforation of the eardrum, through which the excess of water pressure occasions vertigo and unconsciousness, and a practical caution results to persons having such perforation to protect their ears with a stopper of cotton when bathing.

An Itinerant Mission.

"Did Jones get an office?"

"You bet!"

"What was it?"

"Minister."

"Where to?"

"Hanged ef I know—they keep a-movin him so fast."

"Moving him?"

"Yes. He's one o' these here Methodist ministers."—Atlanta Constitution.

Miscellaneous



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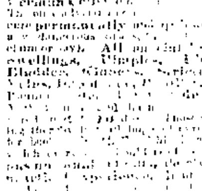
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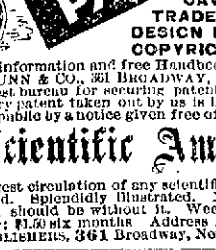
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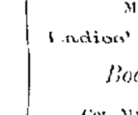
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TO A DISCOURAGED POET.

You have to fight for fame, do not forget.
These seeming giants, perched upon their hills,
Each one a genius to himself, have quills
All linked and sharpened well for the onset—
They'll snub you right and left without regret.
A helping hand? Don't look for it. Their tills
Have little they can spare. Their rhyming mills
Have their own corn to grind and cash to get.
Sing if you must. Of the result why care?
People will heed if it is from the heart,
If it have wit and fancy for the mind.
What gain you by surrender to despair?
If you have good ideas, well wed to art,
In time these hill perched giants will grow kind.

—Edward S. Creamer in New York Sun.

FIVE PROPOSALS.

The summer I was 16 was the momentous one of my first proposal. I went to spend my vacation with four cousins in Kentucky. Gay, charming girls were they, living in a low, rose covered house on the edge of town. Although at home men were not allowed to call, here they could not be kept away from me, as my cousins had them by the score.

The day before my birthday I met a man—a universal beau—as skilled in the art of flirting as I was unskilled. He flattered me until my head swam and went through all the first stages of a flirtation without once hinting of marriage. In a confused, blind way I felt that something was wrong. I was ashamed to tell any one, but I thought he ought to know that I did not think of him as he professed to think of me. Still all he said was so intangible I could not refute it nor speak out frankly myself.

One day when we were driving he suddenly threw his arm around me and tried to kiss me. Frightened out of my wits, I sprang up and actually had my foot on the step prepared to go out over the wheels when he caught my hand.

"Sit down, child!" he said. "I won't touch you."

Never shall I forget the humiliation of that moment. As I look back, I think nothing more unfortunate ever happened to me than that attempted kiss. It blistered the unspotted page of my childish belief in men, and the welt has never been smoothed out.

"There was no harm in what I did," he went on. "It was because I think so much of you." No answer from me. I knew now that he was flirting with me. It made me furious.

"Take me home," I said abruptly. In the silence which followed, my thoughts spun round and round. I could not formulate them. Suddenly he said, "I love you."

I turned and looked at him. It was the first time he had spoken that word.

"Yes, I love you," he said.

"I am very sorry," I faltered, losing my new found courage and indignation at once.

"Sorry?" he echoed.

"Yes, very sorry, for I do not love you."

"Why do you tell me that?" he cried. "Why couldn't you let me love you for the few weeks you will be down here without throwing cold water over me in that way?"

"Love me for a few weeks?" I said, puzzled. "How do you mean?"

He laughed in a slightly embarrassed way without reply, so I went on: "Was that cold water? I did not mean to be rude. I only meant to be honest. I do not want to give you any unnecessary pain."

He regarded me curiously.

"So you think you couldn't love me?" he asked.

"Not well enough to—to marry you," I said, with averted face and deep embarassment. Another long silence, which nearly set me frantic. What had I done? Why didn't he talk? What could he be thinking of? Presently he broke in vehemently with:

"Yes, I do want you, and you will marry me, won't you?"

"Oh, no! Please don't ask me. I was afraid of this, only I couldn't tell you sooner," I faltered, quite alarmed by his earnestness. He persuaded and coaxed, and I grew almost tearful in denying him. Finally he said:

"Well, I won't tease you any more. You will have lots of sweethearts after awhile, and just let me tell you this: If you treat them as you have me, they will thank God, as I do, that they have met and loved one perfectly honest woman." And as he helped me down at our own door he added: "I shall never get over this. I shall never marry."

He did not come in with me, thereby making everybody on the porch smile, as my guilty aspect could not have failed to do. His tone was so tragic that I thought perhaps he would kill himself. But—he did not. He married another girl.

* * * * * * * *

The next was from a man who professed to care a great deal for me. It came about in this way: I was standing at the top of the piazza steps as he came up the walk, and overhead the honeysuckle and nephetos roses met and made an arch. No one was in sight, but my mischievous cousins were behind the closed blinds and heard every word, especially as they said Mr. John talked louder than ever in moments of tenderness, so they claimed that his proposal could have been heard "out in the big road." He took off his hat and stopped at the foot of the steps. Without a word of preface he said:

"If I could see that sweet picture every night when I came home, I wouldn't ask the Lord to give me another thing! Do you think you could do it for me?"

"What, stand here every night!" I said, laughing, thinking it merely a compliment to my white dress.

"Yes, stand there every night and let me know that yours was the face of my wife."

I was too stunned to answer.

"Will you?"

"Oh, Mr. John!" I gasped.

"I love you, sweetheart," he said. "You are the only woman I have ever loved." I certainly heard a sound behind the blinds, but did not dare to look around.

"Oh, Mr. John!" I said again, like an idiot.

"Could you love an ugly old fellow like me?" he pursued, describing me in three equally flattering words, which I forbear to repeat.

"Oh, I don't think you are so very ugly," I said eagerly, trying to be both polite and honest.

A subdued flapping of the curtain behind me made my hair rise, and my confusion was complete when Mr. John threw his head back and laughed so heartily he nearly lost his balance. He interrupted my apology and grew suddenly grave.

"Too ugly and old for you to love me, sweetheart, but not too old and ugly to love you. Pretty soon you'll go back up north, but you'll not forget that there's one old fellow down south who loves you and would marry you, no matter how old you were—you couldn't be ugly—any time you wanted him."

"Oh, how good you are!" I exclaimed sincerely, for his offer seemed, to my inexperience, a very handsome one.

I gave the required promise. He begged a rose from me and came in. I called the girls, who entered with mischievous eyes, and he made a long call, quite as if he had not been rejected to start with.

For a whole year afterward I scarcely spoke to a man. Then came an end to school days and my debut.

Presently I had a curious and disagreeable experience—a proposal which makes me by turns angry, amused and remorseful.

* * * * * * * *

It was from a young Englishman. His haughty mother openly detested America and regarded American girls as only bearable if enormously wealthy. Her eldest son married a cool million. Her youngest, her idol, was so foolish as to fall blindly in love with a dowerless girl.

He made as much love to me as he dared under the stony eyes of his mother, and then I went with my family to the seashore for the summer. Perhaps he missed me; perhaps she forbade him to consider me. At any rate, something made him follow me.

I remember that he was playing the "Pilgrim Chorus" when I came in from a walk, and he said admiringly:

"What a neat little filly you are!"

"Use the plural, please," I said.

"Plural, how?" he questioned stupidly.

"Phyllis, not filly. Besides, how dare you compare me to a horse? I detest it!"

"I hope you don't detest me, for I love you."

"Nonsense! What would your mother say if she could hear you wooing a girl who is no heiress—a plebeian American at that! Take care!"

"I don't care what she'd say! I love you even if you are an American. I love all America for your sake, although, I confess, I used to hate it. Only an American shall be my wife, if she will have me, and my mother shall receive her! The little American shall hold her own with even my mother. What does she say?"

"She says this: The little American is too proud to marry into any family where she is not welcomed by all. The slurs cast upon American girls by your mother in my presence ring in my ears too loudly for me to hear you. Your mother's pride forbids you to marry aught save money. My pride forbids me to marry aught save the man."

"Hang me if I don't tell her what you say!" he exclaimed in delight. "What a high stepper you are! I like you for it. You ought to be in our family. I'll marry you yet, and my mother shall be as glad to get you as I, for I love you, Phyllis."

"If you do, you will never mention the subject to me again, for not only do I not love you in the least, but I can't even respect a man of your well known habits. I've remonstrated with you often, and you won't even try to give them up. You make a bad lover; you would make a worse husband."

"I'll reform if you'll marry me. If I could be with you always, I couldn't help being better."

"Try it alone first. You are going down hill fast. Be a man for the sake of your own manhood and not to please a weak woman."

"I can't. I need your daily help."

"You shall have it," I said eagerly. "Come and see me every day if you like."

"No, I mean your hourly presence. I must be sure of you first. I want to reform for my wife. Dear Phyllis, please say 'Yes.'"

"No, no!" I said. "I hope you wont think me unkind, but I can't."

"Unkind!" he echoed. "I think you are the cruelest girl I ever knew. I don't believe you love me at all."

"Why, of course I don't! Did you think."—

"I think that you have driven me to despair. And when the worst comes just say to yourself: 'This is my work. I alone could have saved him, and I wouldn't.'"

"I shan't," I said hastily and inelegantly. "Because it isn't. It won't be. I don't."

"Phyllis, you little think what you have done today. If you persist, you have deliberately destroyed a man's soul. Men's souls are in the hands of women. Mine is in yours. What will you do with it?"

As usual, I was badly frightened. I felt faint, but I stood up and held out both hands to him, saying tremblingly:

"I give it back to you just as I received it. I dare not undertake the responsibility. Make of it what you will."

He crushed both my hands in his and then flung them from him.

"I'll go to the devil then!" he said, and—I think he kept his word.

* * * * * * * *

One day came an offer from a man who had loved me ever since I was a little girl and who is the only lover I ever had who became my friend afterward. It seems to me I must always have known that he loved me, and he is still so unselfish and patient a friend that I always think of him as unchanging. All that he said was:

"Phyllis, we have gone thus far in life apart. Can't we go the rest of the way together?" And when I said "No" and began to excuse myself he stopped me:

"Dear girl, don't say that to me. I have loved you much too long and too well not to know you. I understand all you would say. Trust me as I trust you, and forget everything I ever said, except that my heart aches with love for you. Remember that always. Shall we walk on?"

I was so dismayed by his abrupt dismissal of the subject that I nearly fell down instead. How conventionality helps one through a crisis!

* * * * * * * *

The last one was from a man at a ball. On his dress coat, as he claimed me for a waltz, was a long, white thread. I smilingly called his attention to it and took it off. My sister saw me, and knowing things were in that interesting condition when a word would precipitate matters thought to tease me by saying:

"Who is it that says if a woman will take the trouble to pick a thread from a man's coat that man may have her for the asking?" She laughed gleefully at our discomfiture and floated away.

The first time we stopped to promenade my partner glanced down at me, and there, caught in the flowers of my gown, was this same long thread. He bent down to take it off just as we came to a clearing among the dancers.

"What are you doing?" I said.

"I'm picking threads off your coat," he repeated, stepping in front of me. "Will you?" I thought he meant would I go on with the waltz. I laid my hand in his, and we melted into our places.

"Did you understand?" he whispered.

Now, it is bad enough to have to refuse a man on the sofa, but to have to do it when you are in his very arms; when, while he tells you over and over that he loves you, he can emphasize with a hand pressure without reproof; when every second you are imperceptibly being drawn closer and closer, until the wretched truth dawns upon you that the music and the dance are secondary things, and that in reality you are being hugged, actually hugged by a man whom you are not going to marry—you must resist the impulse to put both hands against him and push with all your might. You simply get tired suddenly and are taken to your chaperon, where at least you can refuse him properly.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Submarine Bridge.

"A submarine bridge!" Did you ever hear tell of such a marvel of the engineer's work, or stop to figure out the conditions that would make such an architectural monstrosity necessary? The Oresund is a narrow strait between Denmark and Sweden, which is constantly filled with all kinds of shipping. There is a ferry, but it is always being impeded in its operations by the sea vessels. To obviate this Rudolph Lilljequist, the Swedish engineer, proposes the submarine bridge—a structure half tunnel and half bridge. The whole affair will be a gigantic tube, resting on spiles sunk out of reach of the bottoms of the largest vessels, the diameter sufficient for two railway tracks and one driveway. It will be five miles long, and will probably be finished by 1896.—St. Louis Republic.

One on Mr. Moody.

It reminds one of the result of the same sign which the evangelist, D. L. Moody, displayed when he was a boy in a Court street shoe store here. Trade was dull, and the young clerk wanted to make money for his employer, so he took a pair of high cost shoes and surmounted them with the sign, "Any shoe here for $2." A smart business man, who saw what a good bargain he was going to get, came in and made a trade. But Mr. Moody informed him that he could have only one shoe for $2. "All right," he said and started away with his single shoe. That sign came down.—Boston Journal.

Offended Sensibilities.

"Certainly," said the farmer's wife to Meandering Mike, "I'll give you your breakfast."

"Thank you, ma'am, fur ever an ever."

"Suppose," she went on, with a glance at the woodpile, "that you start in with a chop."

And he turned haughtily away with a remark to the effect that nothing was so offensive to a man of taste as an untimely and unseemly jest.—Washington Star.

Tombstone Inscriptions.

In the surrogate's court, over the application of Margaret Hartshorn for letters of administration of the estate of her sister, Ann Melion, Counselor E. W. Nugent claimed that the name on the tombstone was "Ann Malley," whereupon Surrogate Conway remarked that "inscriptions on tombstones don't always tell the truth."—Albany Press and Knickerbocker.

Gold in paying deposits in Minnesota! Good!

A FLASH OF LIGHTNING.

The Method Adopted by Scientists For Determining Its Duration.

A heavy thunderstorm raises different emotions in the observer's breast. It may be of awe, wonder, terror or interest, according to the beholder's temperament. Ninety-nine out of every hundred readers doubtless imagine that the vivid flashes of lightning which on these occasions follow each other with such rapidity and brilliancy are absolutely instantaneous in appearance and effect, and to the unaided eye they appear as such.

Learned and deep thinking savants have, however, brought scientific accuracy to bear on the subject, and their investigations into the question of the duration and speed of the electric flash led up to some of the most ingenious and beautiful experiments in the history of electrical science.

The method adopted by scientists of timing a flash of lightning is as follows: By means of multiplying machinery a mirror is made to revolve at an enormous speed, in some cases 800 times per second, or nearly 50,000 times a minute. It is reasonable that if the electric flash be strictly instantaneous it will appear reflected on the mirror as dots or points of light; whereas, let its duration be ever so small, the mirror would move meanwhile and the electric flash appear reflected in the mirror as a line of light more or less strong.

In experiments that have taken place it is found that the mirror, traveling as above stated, does move while the flash lasts through 26 degrees, or the one-thirteenth of a revolution. Therefore the duration of a flash of lightning is one-thirteenth of one-eight hundredth, or the ten thousandth part of a second; thus one-thirteenth of one-eight hundredth equals one-ten thousand four hundredth. The writer has a lively remembrance of the vivid effects even this extremely brief duration will give rise to on a dark night.

Should the reader care to do the timing of a flash of lightning for himself he may do so very easily by taking a cardboard disk and painting on it a number of alternate black and white sections. If the disk be then attached to the wheel of the family sewing machine and made to revolve rapidly, it appears to the unaided eye to be of a uniformly gray tint. The eye fails to distinguish the respective black and white sections in consequence of an impression on the retina lasting the tenth of a second. But let the disk be set going during a thunderstorm; the flashes of lightning will show up the black and white sections quite distinctly, thus showing the duration of the flash to be less than the period of revolution through one section. It only remains to ascertain the number of rotations per second the disk is moving at, multiply this by the number of sections, and the result, if the experiment is correctly carried out, will approach very nearly to that already given.—London Tit-Bits.

Rafting In Western Pennsylvania.

The most romantic and entertaining feature of the pine business came with rafting. On the larger streams the mills were built. Railroads had not penetrated the region when white pine was king of western Pennsylvania, and the lumber was all sent to market by the creek and river. A raft was compactly built of boards containing from 20,000 to 50,000 feet, owing much to the size of the stream to be navigated. Then when the spring floods came everybody, even to the village preacher and doctor, went "down the creek."

The rafts were fitted with great oars at either end, the use of which enabled the hands to keep the craft in the channel. As these smaller pieces reached the river they were grouped in fleets and coupled together until a fleet, as it reached Pittsburg, covered half an acre of territory and floated nearly 500,000 of lumber. As they went on down the Ohio to Cincinnati or Louisville, they were again coupled up until the area of some of the large ones fell a little short of two acres, with a value of close to $250,000.

In April and May the main stream of the Alleghany presented an exhilarating sight. From early daybreak until nightfall the stream ran full of rafts, following closely behind one another. At night every eddy along the valley was tied full of acres of clean white pine. And the cabins on the rafts in which the crews were quartered were miniature although exceedingly ephemeral cities. When the great drive reached Pittsburg, the wharves and landings on both sides were filled with lumber in every available place where a raft could be tied. The congestion reached as far up the river as Plum creek, 10 miles or more from "the point"—a bridge in the city.—Philadelphia Times.

MISS NANCY BAILEY, THE INDEXER.

Something About the Brilliant Young English Woman Who Indexed Hansard.

Miss Nancy Bailey is a pretty young English woman about whom many things might be said; for example, Miss Bailey is an indexer. When one takes into account the fact that there are not more than half a dozen others in all of Great Britain and that Miss Nancy leads them all, it will be seen that this is saying a good deal.

Nancy was a Shropshire girl in her early youth, and one never to be forgotten day she set out for London, determined to "do something." She didn't have indexing in mind then. She yearned to be literary, and as she was very much interested in artistic subjects sent off sundry articles in that line to the magazines. These were finally printed, but in the meantime great financial stringency overtook the young author. In this crisis she compiled an index of "The Year's Art." Then she did other potboilers, condensed two volume novels into one volume, made abstracts of wills for the Herald's college and did many things which developed her talent for winnowing the wheat from the chaff.

Then a great thing happened. The editor of Hansard asked her to index the parliamentary debates. To realize the importance of this request one must read what Mr. Stead wrote to Miss Bailey.

"For intrinsic importance," wrote the great journalist, "I would prefer to index Hansard rather than have a seat in the house of commons. That important post you have won for womanhood. We all owe you thanks as human beings for demonstrating the capacity of woman to do the work—the arduous, responsible work—of actually creating the memory of the imperial parliament session by session. That is a noble service which any man might covet, but which it is your peculiar glory to render, being a woman."

That was strong praise, but Miss Nancy earned it. "I shall always remember," she says, "my start on Hansard. I felt that it was absolutely hopeless; that I should never succeed. But I worked on, sometimes all day and all night, till at last I waded through my difficulties. There was nobody to teach me, so I had to evolve my own method."

If an acquaintance with the young indexer could impart all her knowledge, then to know her would be a liberal education. For instance, she has indexed reports of mining commissions and has had to familiarize herself with all the technical terms and the processes to which they refer.

The same thing had to be done with reports of the Gloucester Canal company and such books as the following: Young's "Tour In Ireland," "The Science of International Law," documents of the shipping federation and some of the liberal publication department and a work on "The Somerset Religious Houses."

Young women who began to read this sketch with an idea that they might become indexers will therefore see that it is no trifling task. But to those who are sufficiently careful, clever and persistent the successful Miss Nancy recommends the profession heartily. At least it is not overcrowded.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox's Husband.

Robert Wilcox, the husband of Ella Wheeler, the poetess of passion, is a drummer—just a plain, ordinary, two grip, 1,000 mile ticket drummer. His veracious narrations have, it is said, furnished his gifted wife with ideas for many stories and poems, and he is the critic upon whom she most relies to point out defects in her work. Mr. Wilcox is stout and heavy set, with a full round face and a bald head. How he captured the affections of the modern Sappho is a mystery to every one and most of all, as he admits, to himself.—Chicago Herald.

HE WAITED FOR THE SIGNAL.

Force of Habit Held a Gripman In Lincoln Park Nearly All Night.

"Watching for those green signal lights gets to be a sort of second nature to us," explained the North Side gripman. He was in a reminiscent mood and was waiting for the signal that would notify him he could get by Center street. "I suppose you know the system," he went on. "The light is on a pivot so that it can be made to shine in any direction that the man at the switch wants it to. When he has the switch ready, he flashes it in the direction of the car that he wants to come on. It's his signal to the gripman, and the gripman has to wait until he gets it before he runs his car up to the switch. I suppose you never heard of the trouble it got Charlie into. Who's Charlie? Oh, he used to be a gripman on this line. I'll tell you the story about him.

"You see, at Center street there are only three directions in which to flash the light—south for the northbound limits or Lincoln avenue cars, north for the southbound limits cars and west for the southbound Lincoln avenue cars, which come east on Center street to Clark. Lincoln park is to the east of the light, and of course there are no cars to signal there. That's what made all the trouble. You see, Charlie was off duty that night and had been over in Lincoln park with his best girl. They had been sitting on the grass near the Center street entrance, and when it came time to go home it was sort of second nature to Charlie to look for the signal light. He could see that it was lit, but he didn't get the signal. Well, that struck him as sort of funny, but a man has to learn to be patient on a grip car, so Charlie just drew the girl a little closer to him and kept his eye open for the signal.

"'Seems to me,' says Charlie after half an hour's wait, 'that everybody's gettin' the signal but me. It's mighty funny.'

"It began to trouble him some, but orders is not to go by Center street till you get the signal. So Charlie took a tighter hold on the girl, thinking she was the lever of the grip, and waited some more for the signal.

"'Something must be wrong with the switch,' says Charlie again after awhile. 'If orders wasn't so strict, I'd chance it, but I dassen't do it.'

"So he staid there, and the girl staid there, and she kept wondering why Charlie was watching the corner so close and why he didn't take her home, but she had confidence in Charlie, so she didn't say anything.

"Well, sir, just to show what a thing habit is, Charlie kept sitting there waiting for that light so's he could get out of the park until the last cable had gone by, and he saw them carrying away the light. Then it flashed over him what a fool he'd been—waiting for his signal when he wasn't on duty and wasn't even on his car, and then he took the girl home, getting there a little after 1 o'clock.

"True?" exclaimed the gripman in response to a question. "Of course it's true. Leastways that's the reason he gave the girl's folks for not getting her home earlier, and he wouldn't lie to them, would he?"—Chicago Post.

A Pet Leopard.

Yes, a native brought him to me when he was only the size of a cat. He was a beautiful creature, and I had him for a year or two as an almost constant companion. Every evening when I came home he was sitting on the veranda, his paws hanging over the edge, waiting for me. He knew my carriage quite well and distinguished it from other carriages. When I got in, I always had a good romp with him. He played like a cat and got quite excited, but never hurt me. I often took him for walks, on a long chain. He never did any actual harm, but whenever he saw a child or a dog he would stalk them.

One night he got loose. My two little nieces were in the night nursery, and we were at dinner. Suddenly we heard a terrible scream from the nursery and the crashing of glass, as if something had been broken. Rushing into the room, we saw two wild eyes glaring at us from under a bed. The leopard had come in, and the child in her terror had thrown the lamp at him and then hid under the bedclothes.

He died, I am sorry to say, from the effects of a severe beating I had to give him. He had attacked a calf, and the cow, infuriated, attacked myself and the leopard together. In order to make him give up the calf, I had to hit him severely over the nose, and he never recovered from that, but died shortly after.—Westminster Gazette.

The Czar's Commands Ignored.

Admiral Greig joined the Russian navy when a boy and rose to the command of the Black sea fleet, which the czar reviewed from time to time. One fine day his majesty expressed a wish to enjoy a cruise in the flagship. The admiral accordingly set sail, and all went well until a sudden tempest broke, to the great discomfort of the imperial party.

The emperor entreated the admiral to put back, but the wind was contrary, and the admiral could attempt nothing of the sort. The emperor then succumbed utterly to seasickness and peremptorily ordered a return.

"I acknowledge that his majesty is ruler of all the Russias," said the admiral, "but I am master on board. You may tell his majesty that his commands cannot be obeyed."

The ship was actually driven within sight of the Asiatic coast, but only when the storm abated could his autocratic majesty's orders be obeyed. On finding himself safe on land, the czar begged the admiral's pardon for his impatience and presented him with the usual gold snuffbox set with diamonds and suitably inscribed.—Youth's Companion.

Some Famous Bachelors.

No one need be ashamed of being a bachelor, says a contemporary writer. He produces a list of famous men who were never married. Among them are Descartes, Spinoza, Newton, Leibnitz, Swedenborg, Kant, Voltaire, Horace Walpole, Edward Gibbon, Francis Drake, Beethoven, Richelieu, Michael Angelo, Isaac Watts, Montgomery, Cooper, Gray, David Hume, John Randolph, Washington Irving, James Buchanan, Samuel J. Tilden, Thaddeus Stevens, Alexander Stephens, John G. Whittier, Wait Whitman and Phillips Brooks. The only comment to be made is that nobody knows how much greater they might have been had they married.—Buffalo Courier.

The Advent of Gloves.

English dames of early days never dreamed of such subtleties as gloves. They wore their sleeves long, with pointed flaps that rested on the back of their hands, or when they went forth in winter drew the loose drapery of their outer garment over their hands. It was not till near the close of the tenth century that they thought of gloves, and then they wore them with only a thumb and no fingers, like the mittens of the present day, and were so proud of them that they emphasized them by bright colors, such as violets, red and blues. Gloves remained far longer and wider than need be, and they were wondrously embroidered and starred with jewels.—Washington Post.

One Cause of Drowning.

The Northwestern Lancet offers a new explanation of the sudden drowning of good swimmers, hitherto attributed to cramp. There is nothing in a cramp in the leg to prevent an ordinary swimmer supporting himself in the water by his hands or on his back, nor to cause him to throw up his hands and sink once for all like a stone. Such cases are attributed to perforation of the eardrum, through which the excess of water pressure occasions vertigo and unconsciousness, and a practical caution results to persons having such perforation to protect their ears with a stopper of cotton when bathing.

An Itinerant Mission.

"Did Jones get an office?"

"You bet!"

"What was it?"

"Minister."

"Where to?"

"Hanged ef I know—they keep a-movin him so fast."

"Moving him?"

"Yes. He's one o' these here Methodist ministers."—Atlanta Constitution.

Miscellaneous



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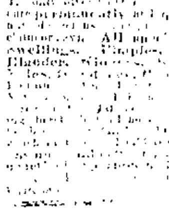
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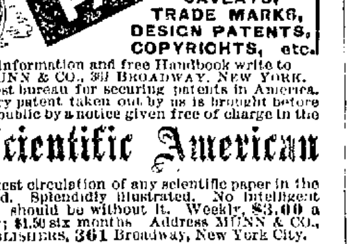
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